The Outlook

JANUARY 17, 1917

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Under the title "The Lion of Flanders: The True History of the Slave Raids in Belgium," The Outlook will publish next week an article by the distinguished English poet Alfred Noyes. Mr. Noyes says of the deportation of the Belgians into Germany that "the worst outrage that can be wreaked upon mankind has at last been wreaked on the wounded body of the country whose only crime was its scrupulous adherence both to the letter and the spirit of international law." In this article the facts are stated from direct evidence which has reached Mr. Noyes, who, as he says, has had "exceptional opportunities for obtaining the full history of this latest German outrage from the lips of some of the most responsible Belgian citizens."

THE WEEK

THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE CONFERENCE OF THE ALLIES AT ROME

Naturally, speculation has been rife as regards the purpose and results of the recent conference of political and military leaders of the Allies at Rome. It was attended by Mr. Lloyd George, M. Briand, and Signor Boselli, the Premiers of Great Britain, France, and Italy respectively, and by a diplomatic representative of Russia. The military leadership of the Allies was almost as well represented: General Lyautey, the French Minister of War, General Cadorna, the Italian Chief of Staff, General Sarrail, commander of the Allies' forces on the Salonika line, and other eminent war and navy men were present.

One question asked by many people has been why this conference was held at Rome rather than at Paris as formerly. This is answered with reasonableness by Mr. J. L. Garvin, the well-known English journalist. He says: "In the first place, it is high time that the influence of Italy's rôle in the war should be recognized and emphasized in this way. Second, there is no statesman in Europe cooler and firmer, more loyal and more far-sighted than the Italian Foreign Minister, Baron Sidney Sonnino. Third, some authoritative and final agreement must be reached on the whole future of the Allies' war policy, especially in the East. This is a matter which may yet prove second to none in importance."

As a matter of course, nothing definite has been said for publication by those who participated in the conference. The statements made are general in character and lay weight on the cementing of unity, both in plan and in action, among the Allies. It is confidently declared that greater coördination in military effort will be clearly seen in the future war history. One result attained, it is believed, is the full cooperation of Italy in the united plan for the future campaign in the Balkan region, and it is believed that some misunderstandings on the part of Italy as to the intentions of the other Allies have been effectively cleared away.

A new Premier, Prince Golitzin, has succeeded M. Trepof in Russia. We reserve comment until next week.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE SERETH AND IN OTHER FIELDS

The capture of Braila, foreshadowed in our report last week, followed that report quickly. Braila is an important Rumanian city commercially. This success of the German and Bulgarian forces was followed two or three days later by the capture of the town of Focsani. With the occupation of these two places, the Teuton line moves northward, and the Rumanian (or Russian line, as it is now) moves back correspondingly. Focsani is almost in the center of a line drawn from the Transylvanian Alps to the angle made by the Danube River as it changes its course from flowing northward to flowing directly eastward to the Black Sea, while Braila is near the Danube itself close to this sharp right angle in the course of the Danube.

The entire trend of this campaign is closely related to the Sereth River, which enters the Danube between Braila to the south and Galatz to the north. It remains to be seen whether General von Mackensen's army will force a passage across the Sereth and take Galatz. If it can, it probably will, for not only is Galatz a railway center, but if the Sereth is once crossed it will be impossible for the Russians to hold a line of defense on the southwestern bank of the river, for such a line would have its flank turned by the capture of Galatz on the further bank. Just where the fighting line of defense will be fixed by Russia is uncertain, but it is practically sure that Russia is gathering forces in this section of her military field and will resist to the last any such advance of General von Mackensen's forces as would endanger the Russian campaign in Galicia.

Activity has been reported in another part of the Russian war field, that at the extreme north near the Baltic and close to the city of Riga. Here it is said that German troops have been driven back by the Russians with considerable loss by the former.

From East Africa is reported the death in action of Captain Frederick C. Selous. He was killed in a fight with the German troops who are defending what is left to them of German East Africa. Captain Selous was famous as a hunter, explorer, and pioneer, and is said to have been the original of the character of Allan Quatermain, the hero of two or three of Mr. Rider Haggard's stories. Captain Selous was a noted shot, an unexcelled leader of expeditions, and few men understood the native character as he did. Many of the big game specimens in the British Museum and other museums were collected by him. Captain Selous accompanied Mr. Roosevelt in his expedition to Africa.

THE WAR VIEWS OF THE LABOR PARTY OF ENGLAND

The New York "Tribune" publishes an interesting and valuable interview with the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., member of the British War Council of Five and representative of the Labor party. It is unofficial, but it may be assumed to represent the spirit both of the Council, which at present determines the war policy of Great Britain, and also the spirit of the Labor party, on whose cordial co-operation in the prosecution of the war success depends, and therefore whose sentiments respecting conditions of peace are of prime importance. This interview indicates that the spirit of the Labor party differs in no essential respect from the spirit of the literary class in Great Britain,

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as indicated in an editorial in the "Literary Supplement" of the London "Times."

Mr. Henderson defines militarism as "the organized effort toward world domination by the illegitimate application of immoralized military power." "Some one," he says, "has defined weeds as plants not kept in their proper place," and "militarism, or at least its cause, may be defined in the same way as an army not kept in its proper place." Labor will be satisfied only "by such a peace as ends the existence of great immoralized military power; when that can be secured by negotiation, not only labor but every man in every country of the Entente will welcome peace by negotiation." He does not define pacifism, but he clearly indicates what Labor regards as the legitimate spirit of peace by the declaration that the right use of force "depends on the use being, firstly, in the right spirit; secondly, in the right way; and, thirdly, for the right ends." There is now no indication that Germany's use of force is accordant with any one of these conditions. It has not used its military power in the right spirit, for it has refused to submit the question which led to this war to peaceful settlement, and has deliberately chosen to substitute physical for moral force. It has not used its military power in the right way. On the contrary, it "has conducted the war with a savageness and lack of regard for humanity unknown for centuries." And it has not used its military power for right ends. It has subordinated Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey wholly to its will, and has sought to put the whole of Middle Europe under German control.

What, according to Mr. Henderson, Labor desires is "such conditions of peace as, on the one hand, would show no vindictiveness, and, on the other hand, would make it clear that Germany has suffered such defeat as to render it impossible even for the German historian to maintain that his country owed a debt to its military caste at the beginning of the twentieth century."

THE WEBB-KENYON LAW SUSTAINED

It does not matter much whether one happens to believe in States' rights or Nationalism, prohibition or license, moderation or total abstinence, in order to find excellent reasons for rejoicing in the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld the Webb-Kenyon Law. This law provides that liquor shall not be shipped into a State contrary to the will of that State. To believe in the justice of that decision it is only necessary to believe that democracy should be protected in its efforts to enforce its own will.

Before the passage of the Webb-Kenyon Law the Nation was placed in the position of almost active co-operation with those who desired to interfere with the efforts of the several States to exercise their undoubted powers over the sale of liquor within their boundaries.

Chief Justice White, in announcing the decision of the Supreme Court on the Webb-Kenyon Law, said: "We can have no doubt that Congress has complete authority to prevent paralyzing of State authority." We trust that the time will come when Congress, in exercising this right to prevent the paralyzing of State authority, will go further and actively sustain the State authorities in their efforts to carry out the liquor laws upon their books.

There is no reason why it should not be made as great an offense against the Federal Government to use the Federal license in order to sell liquor contrary to the wishes of a State Government as it now is for moonshiners to make and sell liquor which does not pay a Federal tax.

THE SENATE VOTES FOR A DRY WASHINGTON

The party Prohibitionists who, with the rest of the country, are rejoicing over the decision of the Supreme Court on the Webb-Kenyon Law, are also rejoicing over the fact that the United States Senate has passed, by a vote of 55 to 27, the Sheppard Bill, by which it is hoped to make the District of Columbia dry.

The chief fight against this bill has taken place in the Senate. It is expected to pass the House by a comfortable majority. Then all that stands between the Sheppard Bill and enactment into law will be the President's signature or veto.

It will be remembered that the Senate refused by a tie vote to refer the question to a vote of the residents of the District of Columbia. This tie vote was the last legislative trench from which the opponents of the Sheppard Bill in the Senate were driven. With this position lost they had little chance of combating the active and intelligently directed campaign of their dry opponents.

THE MUNITION TRADE AND PATRIOTISM

There are obvious and weighty reasons against Government ownership of all munition factories. But it is plain that the regulation of the manufacture and sale of ammunition and other sinews of war by private enterprise is not sufficiently rigid.

The discovery of the violation of our embargo against the shipment of arms and ammunition to Mexico which led to the arrest of Señor Juan T. Burns, Carranza's Consul-General in New York, is a case in point. Burns's alleged guilt was discovered because a cable broke by which a crane was lifting from the deck of the Ward Line steamer Esperanza to the dock at Vera Cruz an innocent-looking case supposedly containing hardware. The case fell, burst open, and the hardware was found to be rifle cartridges. This led to the discovery that many other cases described as containing typewriters, pianos, and ice-cream freezers also contained cartridges or arms, to the value of some $30,000. Another shipment of war materials in disguise was intercepted on its way to Mexican ports. Both these shipments were made in violation of President Wilson's embargo, and were made at a time when the Mexican-American joint commission was trying to adjust the delicate situation growing out of the open hostilities of last June.

There will always be munition makers and jobbers to whom profits mean more than patriotism, but the administration of the regulations governing their business ought to be made so efficient that it will be impossible for any one to sell ammunition to foreigners at a time when there is an evident possibility that it will be used to kill the countrymen of the munition venders.

WARDEN OSBORNE'S SUCCESSOR

When Thomas Mott Osborne resigned from the wardenship of Sing Sing, some fear was expressed that his contribution to the progress of prison reform would be lost. This fear was not altogether allayed by the appointment of Mr. William H. Moyer, formerly Warden of the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, to take Mr. Osborne's place. There was no question about Mr. Moyer's experience as a prison administrator; but there was some question as to whether he was not too accustomed to old prison methods to appreciate and carry on the new ideas that Mr. Osborne had introduced and was undertaking to put into practice. Mr. Moyer has been long enough at Sing Sing now to make it evident that he has no intention of uprooting what Mr. Osborne has planted.

That Mr. Moyer believes in humane prison management is not questioned. The real difference between the Osborne idea and the idea that it has supplanted is not a difference between humanity and inhumanity, but a difference between prison management as dependent upon the will and ideas of the warden and prison management as carried out by the democratic action of the prisoners themselves. Thus the real test of the Osborne régime was in what is called the Mutual Welfare League, under which the prisoners carry on a limited form of self-government. This League Mr. Moyer has explicitly said he is not planning to disturb.

The fact that Mr. Moyer comes to Sing Sing when the whole prison system is about to undergo a radical change is promising for the maintenance of the new idea. A new prison of the farm and industrial type is to be built either at Wingdale or at Beekman. In that prison the old type of cell-block construction will undoubtedly be abandoned in favor of smaller buildings with a combination of dormitory and single rooms for the housing of prisoners. This very fact will be of the utmost significance in the treatment of prisoners. In the meantime, Sing Sing itself is to be transformed into a receiving and distributing

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station. All prisoners committed to State Prison will, after this change is made, be sent to Sing Sing for diagnosis. The building will be constructed as a great hospital. There for several weeks or months the prisoners will be under the observation of specialists in order to determine their condition. The feeble-minded, tuberculous, those afflicted with contagious or venereal diseases, the insane, and other marked types, will be discovered and segregated in this receiving station and clearing-house. All the others, relatively normal, will be sent to the new prison. They will be comparatively capable of carrying on their prison community under something approaching self-government.

The coming of Mr. Moyer to Sing Sing just at the time of this change makes it almost inevitable that he will adhere to this modern movement. And there are signs that he will adhere to it willingly—that, though he is a conservative, he is, as he has been called, an "open-minded conservative."

Moreover, this new receiving station and clinic at Sing Sing will have a great influence on other States, for it will tend to prove that they must take the measure of their prison inmates similarly. The old day of helter-skelter, indiscriminate herding together of prisoners will be abandoned; and for the first time there will grow up a scientific effort to reform and rehabilitate the prisoner on the basis of what is actually known of his weaknesses, of his needs, and of his capacity for reform and rehabilitation.

INTELLECTUAL MUSIC

Mr. Walter Damrosch, the conductor of the New York Symphony Society, put together recently on one programme two contrasting modern compositions. One was Zandonai's Symphonic Impressions. The other was d'Indy's Symphonic Variations "Istar."

Zandonai is a young Italian composer a little over thirty years old. He has lived and worked in the atmosphere of the modern Italian opera composers. His work is typical of the kind of music that for several years has been decidedly in vogue. All its standards are external to music. This sort of musical composition is successful or not according as it adapts itself to something either definitely seen, as on the opera stage, or something as definitely imagined. In the old days of the "thriller" on the stage, and even to-day in the "movie," when the heroine is in the clutches of the villain and all hope seems to be gone, and the spectators, moved to tears, watch the little, lonely figure as she abandons herself to despair, the violins in the orchestra play shivery strains. Every frequenter of the "movie" show or the old-time melodrama knows how energetically, though softly, the violins at such a juncture work their bows back and forth. This is a primitive and most understandable form of a kind of music that Zandonai and a host of others to-day are writing.

Zandonai calls his work "Impressions." And, as in all such cases, they are impressions of things that are not in themselves musical. The three "Impressions" that were played at this concert consisted of an impression of a sad dawn, the impression of a forest, and the impression of a brook. These things are bound to become very conventionalized. Zandonai's forest is the same kind of forest that you will hear in "Siegfried." The same twittering of the flute and the same gurgling of the various wind instruments. Doubtless this kind of music gives pleasure to a multitude. It is a very harmless and mild form of amusement. It does not strike us, however, as a very lofty or lasting form of art.

In contrast with these Impressions were d'Indy's Istar Variations. The title sounds like a programme, too, and in a way there was a programme, but it was a purely musical programme. Istar, it seems, according to the old legend, had occasion to go to seven doors, and at each door cast aside a garment, appearing at the end unclothed. Vincent d'Indy does not proceed to give an impression of a visit to these various doors. Rather, he uses the legend in a purely musical sense. Instead of starting with a bare theme and embellishing it progressively with variations, he has started with a very elaborate harmonic variation, and then simplified the variations little by little until at the end he makes the orchestra sound forth the simple theme in unison. The progress of this composition is a purely musical progress. The interest in it is a purely musical interest. Vincent d'Indy is a musicians' musician, a composers' composer. His music is often called intellectual, and so it is. This does not mean, however, that it is not beautiful, for there are passages of very great beauty in these variations, and the listener, hearing these for the first time, goes away with the conviction that each successive hearing would reveal beauties not recognized before. When d'Indy, therefore, calls his variations "Istar," he simply indulges in a poetic way of saying, "Watch for the emergence of the theme."

All experience as well as a study of the principles of art tends to show that the kind of music represented by Zandonai is likely to be popular but ephemeral, and that the kind of music represented by d'Indy in this concert is slow in winning favor but is likely to endure.

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA IN NEW YORK

When a picture is painted and hung, that is the end of it so far as the artistic process is concerned; but when a piece of music is all written out, and even perhaps printed and published, the process is not yet finished, for most people at any rate. It still has to be performed. The singer or pianist or chorus or orchestra, or other group of instruments or voices that performs it, creates, with each performance, that composition anew.

There are thus two elements of interest in every concert—the element supplied by the composer, and the element supplied by the performer.

It was not the music performed but the performance of it that made the concert of the Cincinnati Orchestra in New York City last week interesting. Cincinnati is one of the cities in the United States which supports an orchestra of high rank. The various American orchestras have established the custom of visiting one another's cities. The Boston Orchestra, for instance, regularly gives a series of concerts in New York, another in Brooklyn, another in Washington. The New York Symphony Orchestra has made tours. The Minneapolis, Philadelphia, and Chicago Orchestras have visited New York as well as other cities. This exchange of calls between orchestras is a very good thing for music. It helps to raise standards of taste and to diminish musical provincialism. For that reason the Eastern trip of the Cincinnati Orchestra was worth to music in America all that it must have cost.

The programme of its New York concert was selected evidently not so much with regard to the intrinsic value of music as to the usefulness of the programme in displaying the powers of the orchestra. It was not so much a concert as an orchestral exhibit.

There was first an exceedingly familiar composition which allowed the hearers to compare the capacity of this orchestra with the other orchestras that are constantly playing it. That was the "Meistersinger" Prelude. Then there was something "classical" that enabled the hearers to estimate the dignity and sound workmanship of the orchestra and its leader. This was Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." Finally, there came on the programme an opportunity to display the orchestra's virtuosity. This was afforded in Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica."

It was a decidedly Teutonic programme. The conductor, Dr. Ernst Kunwald, has a military bearing, not only as he comes on and goes off the stage, but as he conveys his will to the orchestra with his hands. It would not seem at all inappropriate if the whole body of musicians, with its commander, had appeared in field gray. And the programme, too, was not only German, but was of the German type of programme music. The "Meistersinger" overture was a picture in microcosm of Wagner's comedy; the Beethoven Symphony is the one composition of Beethoven's which the defenders of programme music delight to cite as an authority; and of course the Strauss "Sinfonia Domestica" is programme music *par excellence*.

New York may be suspected of indifference to other parts of America, but such other parts of America as come to New York to live are always to be counted on to give their home folks a good welcome. It is a good thing for New York City to learn that west of the Hudson River there is an orchestra comparable to the orchestras of the metropolis; and it is a good thing for

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Cincinnati people in New York to have once in a while a taste of music from their old home town.

THE NEW YORK AUTOMOBILE SHOW

The annual automobile show in New York has come to be very much of a National institution, for it is the milestone by which the progress of one of the greatest of our industries can be most fairly judged.

Buyers and dealers and manufacturers from all over the country come to New York at this time to judge and compare, to note improvements and to study defects. As an educational exhibit in the mechanical arts the New York show of motor cars is worth all the trouble and expense involved in its promotion. The growing thousands who each year pass through the entrance gate represent an intelligent interest in machinery and invention which is by no means confined to the owners and prospective buyers of cars. The desire to see what makes the wheels go round is an American trait if there ever was one.

This year's show is marked more by a progressive refinement of body design and of power plants than by any revolutionary innovations in gasoline engine practice. The eights and twelves of a year and two years ago have apparently come to stay, each in its own class admirably supplying the widespread demand for power and smoothness of operation. The standard sixes and fours, as well as the eights and twelves, also show a development in the direction of refinement which indicates the skill of the modern designer. The increasing use of aluminum in place of heavier metal is perhaps particularly worthy of note. This year's show marks also the introduction, as part of a standard equipment, of a practical magnetic gear shift. The use of such an automatic system for changing gears seems to be entirely in line with the progressive development of automobile design.

Perhaps the most unusual feature of the show this year was the reintroduction of the steam car. The tremendous progress of the explosive type engine has practically reduced the number of manufacturers of steam automobiles to one make, a car which has not been in the habit of exhibiting at the New York show. The new car, first exhibited at the New York show this year, possesses features and advantages which have already attracted wide interest and attention. For it are claimed power, radius of action, and rapidity in starting, which, if proved in practice, should make it a rival on even terms with the best of the cars with the explosive type of engine. The model exhibited at the show seemed very highly developed both in the application of the general principles of steam and in the details of its mechanical construction.

It would certainly be an interesting and surprising development if steam should again begin to play a large part in the motor world. Those who recall the smoothness of the power and the simplicity of throttle control of even the earliest of the steamers will look forward to such a possibility with anticipation, particularly since it appears that the modern steamer can be freed from most of those curious but very human weaknesses which supplied Rudyard Kipling with so large a share of the plot for his memorable "Steam Tactics."

PERSISTENCE IN REFORM

The efforts through National action to check the ravages of alcohol in this country call attention to what we have already done in the analogous case of opium.

Legislation on this subject has been accomplished mostly through the efforts of Dr. Hamilton Wright, an authority on habit-forming drugs and tropical diseases. He died last week in Washington. In his visits to the Far East Dr. Wright was impressed with the dire results from the use of smoking opium. He worked with the missionaries and the Chinese Christians in the formation of an anti-opium league, and finally from seventeen provinces came memorials praying for Imperial patronage in battling the evil. In consequence, in 1906, the Empress Dowager of China issued an edict commanding the reduction of the opium fields by one-tenth every year, so that in ten years the growth, sale, and use of opium should cease throughout the Empire.

The reform made surprising progress. In 1907 the British Government agreed with the Chinese Government that imports from India should be lessened by one-tenth each year until the whole traffic should be wiped out.

Dr. Wright, together with Bishop Brent of the Philippines, had now become aware that the opium evil was greatly hampering efforts toward good government in the islands. Their suggestions for the suppression of the habit were embodied in the law of 1907, which has had abundant success.

Dr. Wright was the first, we believe, to call the Government's attention to the unsuspected and alarming use of smoking opium in this country. At his initiative the State Department recommended legislation to clear our own skirts, and also recommended the meeting of an International Commission to investigate the general opium trade. In 1909, just before the commission met at Shanghai, Congress passed a law, drafted by Dr. Wright, prohibiting the importation of opium except for medicinal purposes.

The delegates to the Commission, chosen by the State Department, were Bishop Brent, Dr. Wright, and Dr. Tenney, Secretary of the American Legation at Peking. The Commission called an international conference, with plenary powers, to be held at The Hague. The conference, of which Bishop Brent and Dr. Wright were members, agreed to put an end to international dealings in harmful drugs, the twelve nations represented inviting the thirty-four countries which had not participated to meet with them at a succeeding conference. This conference was also held at The Hague, and general international agreement secured.

In this country the manufacture, export, and traffic of smoking opium were still unprohibited. In March, 1915, Dr. Wright had the satisfaction of seeing the last of the legislation drafted by him and covering these matters enacted into law. Our Federal opium statutes as well as the international action taken are a monument to the persistent efforts of one man.

DON'T WORRY

The worries of to-day are the jokes of to-morrow. The worries of yesterday are the jokes of to-day. Is it not often so? If you think of it at all, does not the fact that you were two months behind in your rent a year ago arouse in you feelings more akin to amusement or of satisfaction with the improved present than of concern? And in 1917 is not the broken heart of 1907 more an object of whimsical reminiscence than of painful recollection? Then why worry? Why, indeed? Hear the reasons stated by the United States Public Health Service why you should not worry:

> The birds build nests for the protection of their young against the weather; the foxes dig holes for security against foes; the squirrels lay by stores of nuts against the coming of winter; and dogs bury bones against the day when bones will be scarce. These are the manifestations of a normal protective instinct arising from an experience of many, many generations. So far as is known, though, no bird ever tried to build more nests than his neighbor; no fox ever fretted because he only had one hole in which to hide; no squirrel ever died of anxiety lest he should not lay by enough nuts for two winters instead of for one; and no dog ever lost any sleep over the fact that he didn't have enough bones laid aside to provide for his declining years.
>
> This protective instinct is also present in the human mind, and when properly directed is a great source of prosperity both to the individual and the nation. In order for man to store up and lay by, to gain advancement either in honor or material things, it is necessary that he take some forethought of the morrow, but just so soon as he carries this beyond the normal point the mental process becomes an exaggerated and abnormal one. The normal protective instinct is stimulated by a normal fear of those events which are reasonably sure to happen in the future unless means are adopted against them. The moment that this fear becomes abnormal or exaggerated it overstimulates this protective instinct, and to no good purpose because it results in worry. This worry continues long after the necessity for the normal stimulus of fear has passed, with the result that there is an impairment in mental power and a dissipation of the nervous forces. In other words, the mental engine has been "running idle," and at the same time delivering no propulsive power. In fact, worry is an abnormal state.
>
> Not all worry is preventable, but for the most part it can be avoided. Most of our fears are never realized, and, as a rule, if we meet our troubles day by day as they come without worrying

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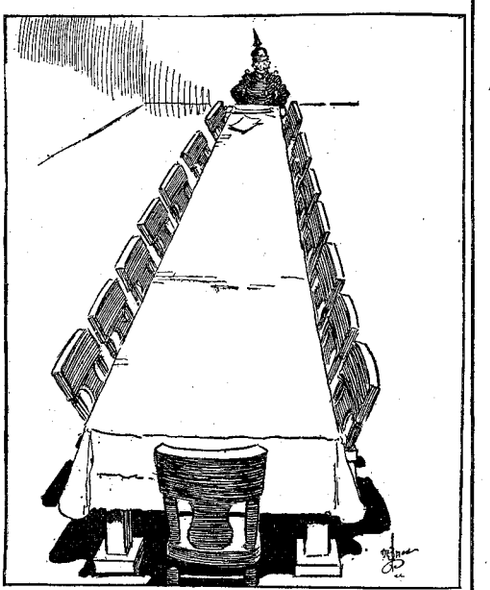
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From the Westminster Gazette (London)

THE DOVE

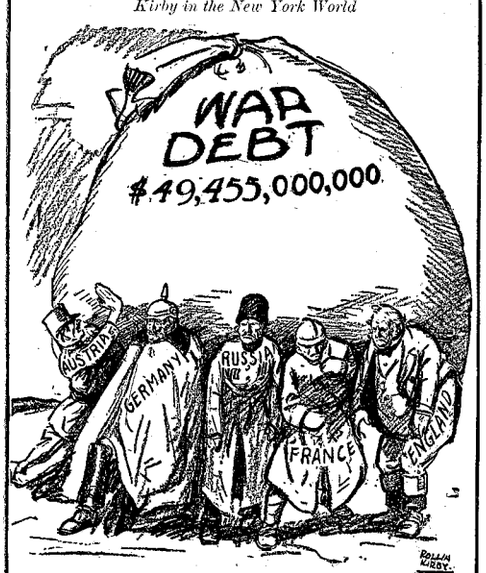
Bethmann Hollweg: "Now remember, you've got to look like a dove."

From the Chicago Evening Post



THE GREAT PEACE CONFERENCE OF 1916

Kirby in the New York World



THE COMMON BURDEN

Ibels in La Victoire (Paris)

IN DEAD EARNEST AT LAST

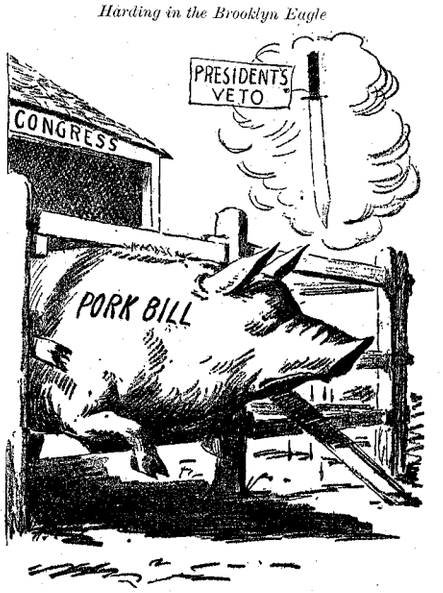
Marianne: "For heaven's sake, kick it outside!"

From the New York Times

THE RECRUITING OFFICER'S TROUBLES

Drill Sergeant (sarcastically): "Go it, Jones! You're winning."

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



ABOUT TIME TO KILL IT

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about them before they arrive or fretting over them after they have passed, we will find that we have the strength to rise above them. Worry undermines the health to a certain extent. It really weakens the mental forces by tiring them out by doing nothing. Usually the relief from worry rests with the victim of this unhappy habit himself, but sometimes the real causes are not the ones which seem to explain the condition, and we must go deep into our lives or have the assistance of those who are skilled in unraveling mental processes.

The best antidote for worry is a change of mental occupation, a getting away from the scenes which provoke worry, exercise in the open air, a good book, a pleasant recreation, or a temporary change of occupation. As a matter of mental health every sufferer from this unfortunate condition owes it to himself to discover some simple means of getting away from this habit which is destructive to health and peace of mind alike.

This is contrary to the tradition that care killed a cat, and we are not sure that the assumption here that animals do not worry is not born of the human egotism which often leads man to believe that he knows more of the other animals than he really does. We have known dogs who actually pined away during the absence of a beloved master. Nevertheless, whether care killed a cat or not, it never cured dyspepsia or paid a grocer's bill, and "Don't worry" is good advice for men as well as dogs.

LADIES' DAY IN UMATILLA

A recent despatch in a New York newspaper very briefly reported that Mrs. E. E. Starcher, of Umatilla, Oregon, had defeated her husband, Mayor Starcher, in his candidacy for re-election to the highest municipal office in that small town. Furthermore, it was reported that a woman had been elected to every office thrown open for election in the town government. For the confirmation of this report of what seemed to be a bloodless revolution in Umatilla we wrote to a correspondent in that town, and received the following highly interesting reply:

Umatilla, Oregon, December 25, 1916.

It is the plain truth that Mrs. E. E. Starcher defeated her husband in that election, and did it in a manner that was decisive and would have been a credit to a veteran politician. She and her colleagues remained in the background with their forces until the afternoon of election day, but, once started, their fight was carried on with a whirlwind rapidity to a victorious finish.

Mayor Starcher and the Councilmen for re-election regarded the ladies' campaign as a big joke, but the voters evidently did not.

The ladies have all qualified, and state the reason they ran was because they were not satisfied with the past administration, and they would endeavor to show the men that women can conduct the municipal affairs in a more efficient and beneficial manner to the public at large than the men ever have.

It is generally conceded that all the women "stood pat" for their sex, as did also a goodly portion of the men, or the women could not have been elected.

Umatilla, as you know, is one of the oldest towns in eastern Oregon, and at one time was a wide-open frontier town. Umatilla, or Umatilla Landing, as it was known in the early sixties during the mining excitement at Boisé, Idaho, and the country to the north, was quite a commercial point, being the gateway to the mines before the advent of the railroads, when everything was shipped in by boat to Umatilla. The names of our new officers-elect are as follows:

Mrs. E. E. Starcher, Mayor.
Mrs. C. G. Brownell, Member of Council for two years.
Mrs. W. B. Spinning, Member of Council for two years.
Mrs. H. C. Means, Member of Council for two years.
Mrs. R. F. Paulu, Member of Council for one year.
Mrs. J. H. Cherry, Recorder.
Mrs. Robert Merrick, Treasurer.

Mrs. Starcher has announced that she will appoint a lady for chief of police, who can in turn have a man for deputy if necessary, but she puts emphasis on the word "necessary."

Yours truly, CYRIL G. BROWNELL.

P. S.—A. B. Stephens and myself are the lucky or unlucky hold-over Councilmen for the ensuing year. C. G. B.

It seems to us that our correspondent and his one male colleague are probably lucky. For with six women in the Council is it not likely that the two male members will hold the balance of power, and thus acquire eminently more personal prestige than they would ever have enjoyed in a wholly masculine body?

A COMMUNITY GYMNASIUM

An illustration of community spirit is furnished by a progressive city of six thousand inhabitants in the State of New York—Newark, near Lake Ontario.

A gymnasium, or community recreation center (which under the general education law may be organized and conducted by any board of education in the State), has been built by funds voted for this purpose by the people of the city. It is the first of the sort to be erected since the enactment of the new physical training law, the action having been taken the day after Governor Whitman signed the bill. It had its first community use in a Christmas celebration at which the people of all creeds gathered around a community Christmas tree to listen to the singing of Christmas and patriotic songs by five hundred voices, and to give and receive gifts of the children's choosing. It was formally dedicated by Mr. Finley, the Commissioner of Education, who saw in this building a new type of town-meeting house in which those looking forward to the obligations of citizenship, physical and spiritual, should in discipline of body and in coordination of spirit prepare for it.

The building stands on the site of sheds that once housed the horses of those who drove to the church near by. Its minister praised the purposes of the new structure and was joined by a Roman Catholic, a public-spirited expressman, who, in a brogue that had not lost its good flavor, made as eloquent a plea for America and the patriotic training of her youth as if his ancestors had come over in the Mayflower.

The man who more than others was responsible for this tangible expression of community spirit was the man at the head of the schools. His name is Fort, which leads one to wish that there were such fortifications in every village and city against the illness, unhappiness, and degeneracy that assail untrained bodies and undisciplined spirits.

THE CASE OF MICHAEL MOCKUS

A case still pending in the criminal courts of Waterbury, Connecticut, is of general interest because it involves principles of large importance, such as, What is blasphemy? How far should laws undertake to prevent or punish utterances offensive to the religious feelings of others, but not in themselves libelous? Do antiquated laws on such subjects still control the courts?

Michael Mockus is a Lithuanian. He studied to become a priest, but never was a priest or minister of any kind. He is what is usually termed a freethinker. He has lectured in the Lithuanian language in various parts of the country, and it is charged has offensively attacked the Christian religion.

The Roman Catholic priests of Waterbury were incensed at a lecture delivered there, and called the attention of the District Attorney to the matter. Mockus was arrested on a charge of blasphemy, was tried in the City Court, found guilty, took an appeal to the District Court, where the jury disagreed; recently there was a second trial, at the end of which the judge reserved his decision until he had read voluminous briefs to be submitted by the attorneys.

Mockus has been defended by the Free Speech League of New York, which is frankly not much concerned in the particular things said by Mockus, but is taking this opportunity to contend for the right of free speech at large. Mr. Theodore Schroeder, the Secretary of the Free Speech League, made at the trial a most elaborate address abounding in interesting legal points and historical illustrations; to quote from or even summarize it would be impossible here.

The law under which Mockus was indicted was passed in its original form in 1642, and it was coupled with a law against witchcraft. We quote the two provisions in their ancient spelling:

If any person shall blaspheme the name of God the ffather, Sonne, or holy Ghost, with direct, express, presumptuous or highhanded blasphemy, or shall curse in the like manner, hee shall bee put too death.

If any man or woman bee a Witch, that is, hath or consulteth with a familiar spirritt, they shall be put too death.

The law has been amended and changed repeatedly. In its present form the punishment is a fine of $100 and not more than a year's imprisonment.

One account of what has reached us by letter of the lecture

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by Mockus says that it was not (as the newspapers have represented) an attack on the story of Jonah and the whale, but a general attack on the Bible, the authenticity of miracles, the divinity of Christ, and so on. There is nothing in this which would seem to violate the words of the present statute, which is aimed against those "who shall blaspheme against God, either of the persons of the Holy Trinity, the Christian religion, or the Holy Scriptures."

We hope later to read carefully and comment on the briefs which are to be submitted in this remarkable trial. Meanwhile, whether or not the prosecution of Mr. Mockus is a survival of ancient and outworn Puritanism, as his supporters claim, the general principle applying is, in our judgment, this: The right of free speech does not mean the right to libel in public individuals or associations; it does, however, mean the right to express opinions whether they are or are not agreeable to other people. If a Jew may say that the Christian religion is a false religion, as he certainly may, then a freethinker may say that the Bible is uninspired and untrue; and however much we may differ from such statements, there is not or should not be in them any offense recognizable by law unless libel is involved or laws aimed to preserve public decency are outraged.

LAST YEAR'S LYNCHING RECORD

It is gratifying to note in the records of lynching for 1916 a considerable decrease in the total number. Mr. Work, who keeps these records in behalf of Tuskegee Institute, reports that the lynchings for the year were fifty-four, as compared with sixty-seven in the previous year. Of the fifty-four persons lynched fifty were Negroes and four were whites; three were women. As in the previous year, the largest number of lynchings in any one State was in Georgia—fourteen—a little over a quarter of the total number.

There is no evidence in any of the facts put forth to indicate that the crimes alleged against the victims of these lynchings might not have been punished (wherever the person accused was guilty) properly and fairly by the orderly action of the courts. There is no evidence, either, that in any of these cases the perpetrators of the crime of lynching were brought to justice. As one comment on the record truly says, "Every lynching is followed by a promise to bring the perpetrators to justice, but the promises are never made good."

As the public mind apparently still continues to assume that a majority of the cases in which lynching takes place are for rape, it is right to point out that less than a quarter of these cases had this origin. The largest number of cases of Negroes lynched was for killing or resisting officers of the law; included in the list are such curiosities as "slapping boy," "speaking against mob in act of putting a man to death," and "defending her son who in defense of mother killed man."

INTERNATIONAL PARCELS POST

One important result of the war already effected in the trade of the world is the great increase in the use of the parcels post systems of nearly all countries. There is an interesting analysis of this in "The Americas," the organ of the National City Bank of New York.

According to this article, leaving Germany and her allies out of consideration, the rest of the world has apparently doubled its mail traffic in small parcels since the beginning of the war. England in 1913 shipped out 4,637,902 parcels by post, as against 6,964,902 in 1916. In particular, Great Britain's traffic with Holland and Russia has increased enormously. One of the most remarkable increases, though, has been the growth of Japan's business with Russia. Last year Japan sent to Russia by parcels post articles valued at $3,847,727, as against articles valued at $98,622 in 1913.

The United States exported through the mails in 1915–16 1,352,639 parcels having a total weight of 6,269,093 pounds, as against 936,365 parcels weighing 3,347,899 pounds posted to foreign lands in 1914–15. The National City Bank thinks that the United States "is coming along well" in this field, but believes that some reasons why "America has not developed the parcels post in foreign business" to the same extent as Germany, France, and England are the "excellent service" rendered by our private express companies, and the lack of any developed system of insuring parcels outward bound from the United States, as well as the lack of a system for sending them "C. O. D."

DEAL JUSTLY WITH GERMANY

IN the interview of the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, of the British, War Council, recently reported in the New York "Tribune," and referred to elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Henderson, as representative of the Labor party of Great Britain, distinctly disavows any desire on the part of labor for any vindictiveness toward Germany. Mr. Barnes, Minister of Pensions, in an address reported in the New York "Times," makes this equally clear. President Wilson, he says, "should be assured that this country is not out to smash the Germans, Germany, or any one or anything except military power and military pride. We are out to smash that, and we are out to smash it not only in Germany, we are out to smash it everywhere, so that this war may, if possible, be the last of all wars."

We wish that the Allies, or, if that is impracticable, the British Government, would formally and officially indorse these declarations of two important members of that Government.

In our judgment Germany is a criminal nation. Its torpedoing of merchant vessels has been in spirit piracy. Its treatment of Belgium has been in spirit burglary, arson, and murder. Its conduct for the last two years has systematically violated the laws of war, international law, and the fundamental laws of morality. But as the individual criminal has rights which it is the duty of national law to protect, so the national criminal has rights which it is the duty of international law to protect.

Germany is brought to bay and asks for peace. The first duty of the Allies is to demand of it justice, for an essential condition of negotiation with a criminal is that he cease from perpetrating crime. But this is not the Allies' whole duty. They must demand that Germany respect the rights of other nations, but they must also respect the rights of Germany. And Germany has rights although she is a criminal nation.

She has a right to live; the Allies have no right to destroy Germany. She has a right to live her own life. She has a right to choose her own government. The Allies have no more right to impose on her a democratic government than she has to impose on the Allies an autocratic government. She has a right to enter into free competition with other nations; to manufacture the best goods, to sell them at the cheapest prices, and to send her ships freely on every ocean and to carry her goods to every port which is open to her. To sow the seeds of injustice now is to prepare a harvest of war hereafter. This is equally true whether the Allies permit Germany to inflict injustice on other nations or whether the Allies inflict injustice on Germany.

The new philosophy affirms that in every man there is some good. The new humanism affirms that it is the duty of every man to appreciate that good in his neighbor and co-operate with it. The new penology affirms that these two principles are to be applied in all dealings with the criminal, in an endeavor to cure crime, not to avenge it.

These principles are as applicable to nations as to individuals. There are great and estimable virtues in the German people. The new philosophy bids us recognize them, and not allow our indignation at Germany's crimes to blind our eyes to her virtues. The new humanism bids us appreciate these virtues and by our appreciation both learn the lesson which she has to teach us and help her to cast out the vices which dishonor and threaten to destroy her. And the new penology bids us condemn the cry for national revenge as we condemn the cry for an immoral peace, and substitute the demand for justice—justice *by* Germany and justice *to* Germany.

In the first century the lunatic was regarded as possessed by a devil and was driven out from the society of men and left to wander among the tombs, an enemy to himself and a peril to the community. Jesus cast the devil out and restored the man to himself and to society. This is the example for the civilized world to follow. The Germany of Luther and Goethe is pos-

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sessed by the devil of militarism, which affirms that might makes right, that war is a biological, an ethical, and a Christian necessity, that universal peace is neither possible nor desirable, that small states have no right to exist. It is not Germany that is to be destroyed, but the devil which possesses Germany. We may read with amusement Treitschke's statement: "No people ever attains to national consciousness without overrating itself; the Germans are always in danger of enervating their nationality through possessing too little of this rugged pride." But self-conceit which is amusing in an individual becomes an international peril when it dominates a great nation. The rugged pride which Treitschke thinks lacking in the German people has deluged the fields of Europe with blood, and turned Belgium and northern France into a vast cemetery. We may admire the efficiency of organization in Germany, and the spirit of subordination, of co-operation, of team-work in the German people which has made that organization possible. But civilization is in peril as long as that efficiency of organization is mated to the military spirit, and that subordination is not to the general good but to an autocratic will. David Jayne Hill says, with wise discrimination: "For sympathy, charity, good example, and unselfish public service there will always be room; but for the suppression of native powers, for wholesale dictation based on arbitrary rules, for the assumption that society is more important than those who compose it, there is no place in a free republic." That reads like a truism. And yet Hugo Münsterberg in his last volume quotes it only to condemn it, crying out, "It is too late." No! It is never too late to affirm the rights and liberties of the individual. So long as Germany is possessed by a spirit which denies those rights and liberties, it is a peril alike to itself and to its neighbors.

But there are signs of a new Germany; signs that Germany is weary of the philosophy of Nietzsche and Treitschke and Bernhardi. The Chancellor has officially lamented war, which they glorified; has praised peace, which they scorned; has affirmed the right of small states to exist, which they denied; has even intimated a desire to join other civilized nations in an international league to maintain peace and prevent war, which they condemned. Is this because his royal master has grown weary of militarism? Or is it because the German people are growing weary of militarism? Or is it only a concession to the saner philosophy of our industrial age? We do not know. What we do know is that Germany's appeals for peace indicate a spirit in the German people which her neighbors should recognize, appreciate, and promote.

Eleven months ago, in the issue for February 23, 1916, The Outlook quoted and condemned a statement of Rudyard Kipling that "at least three nations desire greedily that the Teuton be killed in retail, since he cannot be killed in wholesale." From that editorial we quote:

> In 1916, England, France, Italy, know what liberty means. They have learned their lesson in the school of bitter experience. Why should they not repeat to Germany the proclamation of Napoleon to Italy of over a century ago? Why should they not say to the German people:
>
> We do not hate you. We wish for you prosperity. We admire your thrift, your industry, your efficiency. We acknowledge our indebtedness to the great thinkers of your past. We do not fear your commercial rivalry. Freedom of commerce benefits all who engage in it. Your leaders lie to you in telling you we would interfere with the freedom of the seas. With you we have no quarrel. Our sole quarrel is with the tyrants who enslave you, and who are using you to enslave others. We are resolved that all European nations, both small and great, shall enjoy the liberty which we have won for ourselves. We are resolved that Europe shall no longer be an armed camp; that her people shall no longer bear its needless and intolerable burden. Whenever your military leaders are ready to substitute government by the people for government by the sword we shall welcome peace.
>
> Such a proclamation issued directly to the German people over the heads of their military rulers would at least help make clear to the people the real issue in this world campaign.

The suggestion then was perhaps a little in advance of the time. We repeat it now. Why should not the Allies address such a proclamation to the German people, and drop it in pacific bombs or aeroplanes on German soldiers in the trenches and on German towns and villages behind the firing line?

NOT MALICE, BUT FALSE PHILOSOPHY

A correspondent from Tennessee writes us:

> In your issue of December 20 you conclude your article on "Germany's Offer of Peace" with the following amazing statement: "The example of the United States may be pointed out as one which worked well, and is worth following. The North made no attempt to punish the South or even the leaders of the Southern revolt."
>
> I would like to take up this paragraph *seriatim*. You say it "worked out well." Have you forgotten the ten ghastly years of reconstruction, the bitter feelings that were aroused in a moment and were allayed only after years, the shameless looting, the holding in bondage far worse than any Belgian deportation of a whole white race, the—but why continue? Surely you *must* remember something of all that, and if you weren't old enough at the time to remember it, take some history and look it up. Or come down to the South and we will give you evidence. Belgian deportations make you indignant, and of the subjection of millions of your peers for a space of ten years you say the plan "worked out well." If reconstruction was the result of the North's "making no attempt to punish the South," we Southerners—and you Northerners—should be devoutly grateful that the North didn't really put its mind on the task.
>
> Do you really think that the example is worth following? If the Central Powers know anything of our ten years after the Civil War, they will fight to the last man before delivering themselves into the bondage of Hottentots and Kaffirs and Zulus (to continue the parallel). Those ten years are a burning memory to every Southerner and an eternal humiliation to every Northerner except, apparently, yourself.
>
> And the leaders.
>
> Have you forgotten—or rather have you heard—that it was proposed to put General Lee and all other Confederate leaders on trial for their life on the charge of high treason? And that only General Grant's determined stand prevented it? And that President Jefferson Davis lay long months in chains, and was tried for high treason—and was acquitted; that Horace Greeley went on his bond? Have you forgotten all these things? Because not all Southerners have.
>
> And because you have many Southern readers you owe yourself, it seems to me, an explanation of this amazing misstatement of historical fact. You have completely destroyed the effect of this article, you have invalidated the editorial articles in this issue, and you have dropped suspicion in our minds as to your mental balance at the time you wrote these lines.
>
> The writer is a Virginian, and, as such, is not altogether foreign to these things, and he would certainly like to know how the editorial staff of The Outlook interprets post-bellum Southern history. J. N. W.

We agree with what our correspondent says respecting the "ten ghastly years of reconstruction." The policy of universal suffrage imposed on the South by the North The Outlook has always condemned. But we repeat our statement that "the North made no attempt to punish the South or even the leaders of the Southern revolt." For the reconstruction policy was not devised nor adopted as a means of inflicting punishment upon the South even by those radical Northerners who thought the South was criminal.

The only persons punished by the Federal Government as the result of the Civil War were those convicted of special crimes, as the eight persons convicted of participation in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and Captain Wirz for special brutal treatment of prisoners at Andersonville. Individuals may have proposed to try General Lee for treason, but he was not tried and the Government never proposed to put him on trial. Mr. Davis was not put on trial. He was indicted by a Virginia grand jury, was released on bail, but was never prosecuted. "Assuredly," says James Ford Rhodes in his "History of the United States," "it was a sublime thing that, despite the contentious partisanship of the time, men bitterly opposed on almost every other question could agree that the highest wisdom demanded that Davis be released from prison and that he be not punished or even tried; that those in control recognized, what had hitherto been so little appreciated, 'that the grass soon grows over blood shed upon the battlefield, but never over blood shed upon the scaffold.'"

We agree, and we think the civilized world agrees, and we hope that the great majority of the Southern people agree, with Carl Schurz in the statement that "there is not a single example

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of such magnanimity in the history of the world, and it may be truly said that in acting as it did this Republic was a century ahead of its time." How little inclination there was in the North to persecute or punish those connected with the revolt in the South is indicated by a significant incident narrated by Senator Hoar in his autobiography. Mrs. Davis had written a memoir of her husband, on the sale of which it was understood she depended for her livelihood in her advancing years. But the publishers had neglected a technicality which probably made the copyright void. Congress passed, without opposition, a law to correct this technicality, and under the influence of Senator Hoar, one of the most radical New England Abolitionists, the bill was signed by President Harrison ten minutes before his successor in office was inaugurated.

It is true that full political rights were not at once conferred upon those who had taken part in the war against the Union. This was not, however, as a means of punishment. They did not believe in the sovereignty of the Nation; they still believed in the sovereignty of the States; and the North did not think it safe to give back the political power to those who held to the doctrine of State sovereignty, lest the results for which the North had fought through four years of bloody warfare should be imperiled. The effort in some of the Southern States to establish a system of peonage for the Negro race indicates that this fear was not wholly unreasonable; certainly it was not unnatural.

The problem before that generation was one of great difficulty. To appreciate the action of the party leaders in power the reader who desires to be just must put himself back in their place. The Federal Government might govern the South as a conquered province; but this would be wholly undemocratic, and would involve serious peril to the future liberties of the Nation. It might put back the power into the hands of the white people of the South, against whom the North had been fighting the war; but this was a policy which at that time appeared to be attended with serious perils both to the liberty of the black race and the establishment of the Union upon a firm foundation. The Nation had inherited from England the notion that universal suffrage is a panacea for all political evils, the notion expressed by Jeremy Bentham in the sentence, "The people will naturally choose 'morally apt agents,' and men who wish to be chosen will desire truly to become 'morally apt,' for they can only recommend themselves by showing their desire to serve the general interest."[1] The radicals believed that universal suffrage was the best, and perhaps the only safe, way of preserving both liberty and the Union. They were in the main actuated by the same motive which leads certain politicians of our time to demand that the United States withdraw from the Philippines and leave the destiny of the islands to the unguided and unregulated action of the Filipinos. The radicals were mistaken. The results which followed their policy have demonstrated their mistake. But their error was not due to malice.

Thaddeus Stevens was the leader of the Radical party in the House. To him secession was "rebellion," and the leaders in the secession movement were "traitors;" but he vigorously opposed inflicting any penalty upon them. Even the confiscation of the estates of the wealthy, which he demanded, he urged not as a penalty, but "as a means of reforming Southern society." He thought that it would not take more than "two, three, possibly five, years before they [the Southern whites] conquer their prejudices sufficiently to allow their late slaves to become their equals at the polls." Foolish? Yes! Malicious? No! His policy was vigorously, though unsuccessfully, resisted by some of the strongest anti-slavery leaders, such, for example, as Henry Ward Beecher. It is not probable that it ever could have been carried if it had not been for the disastrous controversy between Congress and President Andrew Johnson, himself a Southerner, but one whose contempt for the ex-slaves was equaled only by his hatred for the ex-slaveholders. The writer of these lines knows whereof he speaks, for he was living at the time, believed that the reconstruction policy was pernicious and would lead to disaster, and took an active part with those in the North who have since poured millions of dollars into the South in the endeavor to help her in her work of rehabilitation. Our correspondent may condemn as bitterly as he will the folly of the reconstruction policy, with its imposition of universal suffrage upon a people unready for it. But this policy was due, not to malice or revenge or a desire to administer punishment, but to an erroneous, though not unnatural, political philosophy.

[1] Quoted by Leslie Stephen in "The English Utilitarians," Vol. I, p. 285.

A CASE OF MEDICAL INTOLERANCE

DURING last year we published in these pages some "War Letters of an American Woman." The author was, and now is, associated with the French Wounded Emergency Fund, her duties being to inspect the war hospitals in France and to aid in the work of supplying them with various needs. She is an official appointee of the French Government. Her letters were not originally written for publication, but were sent to members of her family. By a fortunate chance we were enabled to read some of these letters, and obtained permission of her family to print them. The name of the writer was not given because it was felt that the use of her name might interfere with her official hospital work. We are now, however, permitted to say that she is Miss Edith May, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, an accomplished teacher and traveler, who has lived much in Italy and France.

In an installment of her letters printed in The Outlook for August 2, 1916, Miss May describes the extraordinary and original method employed by Dr. Barthe de Sandfort in treating wounded soldiers suffering from terrific tar and gas burns. Dr. de Sandfort is the surgeon in charge of the *Service de l'Ambrine* of St. Nicolas Hospital, Issy-les-Moulineaux, near Paris. This hospital is one of the great official military institutions of the French Ministry of War. Miss May said of Dr. de Sandfort's hospital: "I saw the most wonderful cures wrought on suffering men that I have ever seen in my life. Indeed, the whole thing is such a miracle that it is hard to write collectedly about it. I know you will accuse me in any case of exaggeration until you see the photographs I am sending. *They* don't lie! Unless you see them or the men with your own eyes you think the one who tells you must be drawing upon a vivid imagination. I did until I went myself."

Her story of the work in this hospital was direct and circumstantial, although graphic and eloquent. In order to forestall the possible criticism that she, a member of the laity, was advertising a physician, she did not give Dr. Barthe de Sandfort's name in her letter, saying, "Because I do not want it thought that I am writing in order to advertise any remedy or scheme or man, I will give you the surgeon's name and address in a postscript. Then any one who really wishes to help can get it from you and write to him direct."

The Outlook thought her story of the cures wrought in this hospital so extraordinary that it took the name of Dr. de Sandfort and his hospital from the postscript and printed it as a footnote to her article. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, the "Journal of the American Medical Association," published in Chicago, printed an editorial in its issue of August 12 jeering at Miss May's account, implying that Dr. de Sandfort is a charlatan, accusing Miss May of having "indiscreetly published his name" and saying that "enough miracles are related [in the story by Miss May published in The Outlook] to make fortunes for half a dozen shrines and to justify a car-load of relics." The "Journal" concluded its editorial with the following paragraph: "The greatest miracle is that by the instrumentality of a credulous and uncritical lay writer the esteemed Outlook has been ambushed into spreading a gratuitous advertisement over two of its valuable pages."

This was a serious criticism coming from so responsible a spokesman of the medical profession as the "Journal of the American Medical Association." In the meantime numerous readers of Miss May's article had sent us contributions to be forwarded to her for the work of Dr. de Sandfort's hospital. More than three thousand dollars were thus received in individual contri-

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butions. We felt bound to send the contributors a letter telling them that Miss May's account had been criticised by the "Journal of the American Medical Association." We informed our contributors that we would immediately investigate the whole question and let them know our final conclusion. We entered into a correspondence with Dr. George H. Simmons, the editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association," and wrote to various correspondents in France, among others to Miss May herself. It has taken a long time, owing to war conditions, to get all the information we needed, but we are now convinced, for the reasons which we shall state hereafter, that Miss May's account was not exaggerated, that her story was not indiscreet, that Dr. de Sandfort is doing a very wonderful work, that he has achieved unheard-of results in the treatment of burns, and that those who have contributed to his aid through The Outlook may rest in confidence that they have done a good deed. We have now written to this effect to each contributor and have forwarded the contributions to France for Dr. de Sandfort's work.

Our grounds for coming to this conclusion may be briefly stated as follows: Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and Miss Elsie de Wolfe, well known in the field of American dramatic and decorative art, cabled The Outlook in the latter part of 1916 as follows:

> Have seen article in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" concerning Ambrine [the application which Dr. de Sandfort uses]. We have personally investigated this wonderful remedy and have followed closely the treatment at Issy-les-Moulineaux. Satisfied as to its permanent value.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, the distinguished American novelist, has written from Paris to a correspondent of The Outlook about Dr. de Sandfort's work. Mrs. Wharton says:

> Some weeks ago you wrote to ask me about the hospital of Dr. Barthe de Sandfort at Issy-les-Moulineaux. Dr. Carrel has published an article warmly commending it [the treatment of burns inaugurated by Dr. de Sandfort], and I think his verdict should be accepted as decisive. Therefore there seems no reason for not giving the money you had originally intended to devote to this purpose.
>
> A campaign is being started in America to raise money for Dr. Barthe de Sandfort's hospital, and I do not think it will ever be in need, for the object appeals to every one.

We also received a cablegram from Dr. Baron Henri de Rothschild, of the famous banking family of that name in Paris. Dr. de Rothschild said that he had read The Outlook article and the editorial in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," had fully investigated the work of Dr. Barthe de Sandfort, and indorsed its adoption by the French Government.

Since Dr. Baron Henri de Rothschild sent us the foregoing cable he has submitted to us a document in French, giving in detail the historical and scientific record of Dr. de Sandfort's Ambrine method. Dr. de Sandfort has written, saying that for many years he met in France obstacles and criticisms similar to those stated by Dr. Simmons in the "Journal of the American Medical Association." But we learn from the Paris newspapers that he has at last won the highest possible recognition in France, for on November 3 he was decorated by the President of the French Republic, M. Poincaré, with the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. This is an official recognition, after an investigation by the French Government, of the reliability and success of Dr. de Sandfort's contribution to surgical science. One of the foremost surgical associations of Europe, the *Société de Chirurgie* of Paris, in its official bulletin, through Dr. Kermisson, one of the leading surgeons in France, has reported the achievements of Dr. de Sandfort, which is tantamount to an official recognition by that Society.

But the opinions of the three ladies just named may be said to be the testimony of the laity. Like Miss May, they are careful observers, but they do not profess to speak from a scientific or surgical point of view, although Miss de Wolfe served as a nurse for three months in the Ambrine wards of St. Nicolas Hospital. Fortunately, there is testimony from a highly responsible surgical authority in this country regarding the efficacy of Dr. de Sandfort's method of treating burns.

About the 1st of last July the United States Steel Corporation sent to Europe two of its surgeons in charge of hospitals connected with some of its great steel works "in the hope," as one of the high officials of the corporation writes to The Outlook, "that they might learn something in the field surgery of the Allied armies which would be helpful in the treatment of injuries occurring through industrial accidents. We chose two of the ablest and most alert of our surgeons and gave them every opportunity we could obtain to learn everything which might be of benefit. . . . I am very much gratified," continues this officer of the United States Steel Corporation, "that our representatives were not only able to bring home knowledge which we think will be of great value in the treatment of injured men over here, but that Dr. S. has been able to render substantial service abroad by extending knowledge of the wonderful work which Dr. Carrel and Dr. de Sandfort are doing."

On December 5 the surgeon referred to in the foregoing letter, Dr. S., had a personal interview in the Outlook office with one of its staff and described the method of treatment employed by Dr. de Sandfort. We do not here publish the full name of Dr. S. for two reasons: First, he himself quite properly desires to avoid all controversy in the lay press; and, second, we do not again wish to be accused by Dr. Simmons of "indiscreetly" publishing the name of a physician in a controversy of this kind. But we shall be glad to give the full name and address of Dr. S. to any correspondent who is interested. The following is quoted from a letter to The Outlook by Dr. S.:

> Referring to our conversation of last week relative to the Ambrine treatment for burns as per technique of Dr. Barthe de Sandfort, I beg to advise that I visited St. Nicolas Hospital, Issy, where Dr. Barthe de Sandfort is treating a great many burns by this method. Before visiting the hospital, I naturally was very skeptical as to the results secured by this treatment in that it was entirely contrary to my former theories and ideas of burn treatments. In fact, it is entirely opposite to what we formerly thought to be the proper treatment for burns. I was sufficiently impressed with what I saw on my first visit to return the following week. I also called at the hospital before my departure from Paris in October, 1916, to check up the cases I had seen previously treated.
>
> There is absolutely no question but that this treatment is far superior to our former methods; not only are the results secured from a functional standpoint far superior, but the patients recover two or three times more rapidly and without pain.
>
> I have ordered one hundred and fifty pounds of this preparation and intend to use it in the cases under my care. I am frank to say I would not have believed these results were secured without having had ample opportunity to study and follow the cases throughout their course of treatment. There is a feature, however, to which I object—*i. e.*, the preparation is a proprietary one—but this of course cannot be a serious objection to its use if we have a reasonable idea as to its chemical content. Many other preparations, such as aspirin, argyrol, "606," etc., which are indispensable, are proprietary. I doubt very much whether the medical ingredients have any specific value; most likely the same results can be secured by the use of similar preparations made out of paraffin, beeswax, etc. We intend to determine this some time in the near future.
>
> I hold no brief for Dr. Barthe de Sandfort, but I am absolutely convinced his method of treatment of burns has great merit and, if given a thorough trial, will be accepted by all open-minded surgeons who are competent to pass on this subject. Unfortunately, Dr. Barthe de Sandfort has little or no scientific training in that he is unable, as he frankly states, to understand how or why the burns get well; he stumbled upon this treatment by accident. It is due to this fact that years have passed without the treatment being given a thorough trial. It is quite likely that many extravagant claims will be made for this treatment, which cannot be borne out in actual practice, for conditions other than burns. However, I have had no opportunity of studying this feature and am not in a position to make a definite statement.
>
> I read Miss May's article in The Outlook, and do not consider it was in any way sensational; in fact, it was the truth. Unfortunately, the criticism which has been made by certain individuals who are opposed to this method is that the article stated that the "patients' burns were actually burning upon their arrival in Paris;" this is quite true in that these burns are chemical ones, and, while the patients were not actually in flames, the patients were being burned by the chemical action of the tar which was allowed to remain on the tissues. In this way a misunderstanding has occurred because no attempt was made to differentiate between flame burns, gas burns, and chemical burns. . . .
>
> I might add that several other men of distinction, among

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whom were Dr. Chutro, a professor of surgery in Buenos Aires, and Dr. Alexis Carrel, are supporters of this method. The opposition has come from men who have not visited the hospitals and know little or nothing about the treatment. The British Admiralty have made this treatment compulsory; Sir Alfred Keogh, Surgeon-General of the British army, advised me that they intend to make it compulsory in the British army. Such drastic action as this certainly would not be taken if the merits of the treatment had not been thoroughly investigated.

I intend to follow up my treatments scientifically and ascertain the causes and effects; in other words, we hope to prove up, from a scientific standpoint, this treatment.

On December 28 the same surgeon wrote to us a second time as follows:

Just a few lines to advise you that we have received our shipment of "Ambrine" [the application, of which paraffin is the chief ingredient, sprayed by Dr. de Sandfort upon wounds caused by burns] and that the patients are all making startling recoveries.

I am willing to stake my personal reputation and everything I hold dear in this world in so far as this treatment is concerned. Our patients are doing wonderfully. There is absolutely no pain with this treatment, and they are recovering within two or three days. The doctors and nurses who have seen the treatment are amazed.

Dr. S. showed us some photographs of cases treated and cured by Dr. de Sandfort at the St. Nicolas Hospital at Issy-les-Moulineaux. These photographs are of what is popularly known as the "before and after" type. We reproduce on another page three of these photographs. They illustrate three stages of the same patient undergoing Dr. de Sandfort's treatment.

We have by letter reported this testimony to Dr. Simmons, the editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association," asking him if, in view of such indorsement of Miss May's account in The Outlook, which he publicly condemned, he did not desire to make some further inquiries. "You said publicly," we wrote to him, "in the 'Journal' of August 12, 'that the esteemed Outlook had been ambushed into spreading a gratuitous advertisement over two of its most valuable pages.'" We added that we felt that his sense of justice, after he had communicated with the three or four distinguished surgeons whose names we gave, would lead him to modify his statement. But Dr. Simmons prefers to make no such modification. Under date of December 14, after having had all the foregoing evidence except the letter of December 28, he writes to us:

It seems to me that the "Journal of the American Medical Association" was more than justified in expressing the belief that The Outlook had been "ambushed into spreading a gratuitous advertisement [of a secret nostrum and its exploiter] over two of its most valuable pages."

Thus Dr. Simmons still persists in regarding The Outlook as indiscreet and lacking in common intelligence, in maintaining that Miss May, our trusted correspondent in France, is "credulous and uncritical," in considering that Dr. de Sandfort, in his paraffin treatment of burns, employs a "nostrum," and in looking upon Dr. de Sandfort himself as an "exploiter."

We have given the foregoing account of this episode for three purposes: First, to defend a high-minded and self-sacrificing American woman of exceptional intelligence from an unjustifiable attack which has caused her much distress; second, to call the attention of our readers again to the hospital work of Dr. de Sandfort at Issy-les-Moulineaux, near Paris, and the wonderful work he is there doing to assuage a terrible form of human suffering; and, third, to ask those of our readers who are physicians, some of whom have already written us about the criticism of the "Journal of the American Medical Association," to be on their guard against ecclesiasticism in medicine.

From time immemorial the Church and the law have suffered from priests and judges who pay more attention to the creeds, forms, and traditions of their two noble professions than they do to the essential spirit and objects of those professions. Unfortunately, the same thing may be said of the great and splendid profession of physicians and surgeons. There is to be found the medical ecclesiast who is more concerned in the formal observance of etiquette, propriety, and tradition than he is in relieving suffering. We yield to no one in our respect for the Hippocratic oath which every physician takes, or in our admiration for the valuable work which the "Journal of the American Medical Association," under the leadership of Dr. Simmons, has done in suppressing the evils of quackery, ignorance, and lay meddling in the treatment of disease. Patent nostrums and cure-alls are to be avoided and condemned. We do not recommend that laymen should attempt to use Dr. de Sandfort's method without consulting a physician who has familiarized himself with its medical and scientific technique. But we do think that every broad-minded physician and surgeon should investigate, as Dr. S., of the United States Steel Corporation, has done, before condemning a new surgical method because he thinks *a priori* that it is impossible. Such condemnation is like the condemnation of Copernicus or Galileo or Darwin by the Church.

Dr. de Sandfort's work has now received such official indorsement by French surgeons and the French Government, as well as by several of the other Allied Governments, that he no longer needs contributions of paraffin from this country, as he did last August. But we shall be glad to forward to Miss May any contributions which our readers may wish to intrust to our care for the aid and comfort of French wounded soldiers, either in St. Nicolas Hospital or any other French hospital which Miss May is visiting in her official capacity.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

PARTLY BORN MEN

A CORRESPONDENT, apropos of a recent paper entitled "An Aristocracy of Piety," asks me the question given below. My answer to this question may serve also as a reply to other letters called out by the same "Knoll Paper."

How would you explain St. John iii. 5: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God"? C. J. M.

Life is a series of births. The babe has eyes, but knows not how to look; ears, but knows not how to listen; lips, but knows not how to talk; hands, but knows not how to handle; feet, but knows not how to walk. No less is it true that he has a conscience, but knows not the difference between right and wrong; capacity for reverence, but knows not how to revere; affections, but knows not what love is. He is a garden bed, full of seeds of good and of evil, of flowers, of fruits, of weeds—seeds that will come to nothing unless they sprout, and will grow to nothing unless they are cultivated.

When the babe first perceives bright color, the capacity for art is born in him. It may never be born; he may have eyes, and yet be color blind. Some morning his mother discovers that he can distinguish musical sounds—the whistle of his older brother, the trumpet, the drum, the different notes on the piano. The capacity for music is born in him; but it may never get beyond the trumpet and the drum. His mother reads to him from a book. He sees that to her the book has a meaning it has not to him. In him is created the desire to get that meaning for himself, and the capacity for literature is born in him. Through the pleasure and displeasure of his father and mother in his conduct the sense of right and wrong is born in him; his conscience is vivified; he learns what good boy and naughty boy mean.

Each new faculty endowed with life is a new birthday. And there are many men who pass through life from the cradle to the grave only partly born. I once knew a venerable clergyman who told me that he did not know "Old Hundred" when it was sung. He had probably heard it thousands of times; but it

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awoke no response in him. He was musically deaf. Music-teachers express this truth by saying of a would-be pupil, "He has no ear for music." If the inner faculty is dead, or even dormant, the outward world produces no impression on the soul. Such a man cannot be taught music until somehow the inward faculty is endowed with life.

Some people go through life without a sense of humor. A joke is as serious to them as a sermon. To a dear friend of mine, conscientious to a degree, but always serious-minded and generally solemn, my wife addressed the counsel: "It would do us all good if now and then you would frivol a little." "Frivol? frivol?" was the reply. "I do not think there is such a word in the English language as frivol." There is nothing to be said in such a case. A joke that has to be explained is not a joke.

I once heard a prison warden at a prison reform congress tell the following story to illustrate his thesis that there are irreformable criminals. They could not be reformed because they had no moral sense. "In our prison," he said, "there was an ethical culture class. The question for discussion one Sunday morning was, Is honesty the best policy? One of the prisoners remarked that he thought he could prove that it was. 'I know,' he said, 'two men who were convicted of fraud and were sent up for three years. At the expiration of their term they had learned their lesson and resolved to live honest lives. They got together a little money, started a ready-made clothing store, sold honest goods, paid their debts promptly, built up a fine credit, and failed for ten thousand dollars and got away with the whole of it. I think,' he concluded, 'that proves that honesty is the best policy.'" The warden added that the prisoner was entirely serious. In that anecdote he gave a true expression to his idea of honesty. No amount of intellectual instruction will help such a man to anything more than a semblance of honesty. His dead conscience must be given life; he must be born again if he is to see that honesty has a value in itself whether it pays or not.

I have met in my life some pathetic illustrations of this truth. A husband years ago wrote me a letter saying that his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, had just died. He had never been interested in the question of immortality. Life gave him in his successful business and his happy home all that he wanted. But now he longed to believe in the reality of the future life. Could I recommend to him some book which would furnish him with a demonstration of immortality. Of course I could not. Belief in immortality is a habit of mind—the habit of looking at the things which are not seen and are eternal. Immortality cannot be proved as one proves that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles; as one proves that all material objects attract each other with a force proportionate to their masses, and inversely proportionate to the square of their distances. As well attempt to prove to one who is color blind that Titian's "Man with the Glove" is beautiful, or to my venerable friend who does not know "Old Hundred" when he hears it that Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" is beautiful.

The new birth was a familiar metaphor with the rabbis at the time of Christ. They held that a Gentile in becoming a Jewish proselyte and submitting to circumcision and baptism was born again. His old pagan faiths were washed away; all things became new. There were literalists who even maintained that the proselyte might marry his nearest kin without offense because the old relationships were all annulled by his new birth. Nicodemus, to whom this figure was familiar, came to Jesus to ask what was this new doctrine which was making such a noise in Jerusalem. Jesus replied: It is not new teaching you need, but new life. The Jews need it no less than the pagans. No less than they do you need to wash away your old beliefs, your legalism and ceremonialism;[1] no less than they do you need to begin again at the beginning.[2]

Only life can comprehend life. Only music within the soul can appreciate music in the concert-room. Only art within the soul can appreciate art in the gallery. Only spiritual life within the soul can comprehend spiritual life manifested in the conduct of others. And if the reader asks me what I mean by spiritual life, I will, for the purpose of this paper, accept Paul's definition, "Faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." To the sordid soul, to look at the things which are unseen seems but an idle dream. To the self-satisfied soul aspiration seems only a restless and irrational discontent. To the selfish soul the service of love seems an inexplicable waste of time and the joy of giving and receiving an unbelievable experience.

And yet Sabatier is right: "Man is incurably religious." Genesis is right: "God created man in his own image." The Psalmist is right: "Thou hast made him but little lower than God." In every normal man is the capacity for goodness and for truth, hope and joy, for love and service. But this sleeping capacity is naught unless it is awakened into life. It is a seed, but a lifeless seed until it is given life by a power without and above itself. So I might say to the seeds in my garden bed, "You can never come into the kingdom of light and life and beauty until you are born from above;" and all the while God's sun which shines alike on the evil and the good is waiting to give them life.

To the reader of this paper the question whether the capacity for religious life is innate in all men may seem purely speculative. In fact, it is intensely practical. The notion that God has so ordained life that only a few favorites on whom he has bestowed the special grace of a special creation can love and serve him is at once irreligious and immoral. It is a libel on the All-Father and forbids us to give him a true spiritual reverence. It begets self-conceit in the few who call themselves the elect. It substitutes ecclesiastical and theological tests of character for the tests furnished by daily conduct—the only tests which either the Old Testament prophets, Jesus Christ, or his Apostles recognize. And it forbids true repentance and a real endeavor for a better life, since no man can truly repent of his failure to do what he is solemnly told he has no power to do.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

A RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS IMPOSTOR

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

THE recent assassination in Petrograd of the man widely known as Gregory Rasputin has removed from the field of social and political life in Russia one of the most extraordinary as well as one of the most successful impostors who ever made religion a cloak for ambition, sensuality, and vice. Fifty years ago or more there was born, of muzhik parents, in a village of western Siberia, a boy who received at his christening the name of Gregory. Rasputin, which means a rake, a dissolute, licentious man, was not his family name. It was apparently assumed by him in later life when he put on a deceptive garb of sanctity, and it was intended perhaps to suggest the idea that he was a reformed and converted sinner. Gregory, as a peasant boy, received in the public school of his native village an elementary education which enabled him to write his name and read the Bible; but that was all As a youth he was given to drunkenness and dissipation, and lived the life of a common village hoodlum of the peasant class; but in spite of his excesses he developed into a man of powerful physique and not unpleasing appearance, and a man, moreover, who for some reason was particularly attractive to women.

About the beginning of the present century, when he was approaching middle life, Gregory happened to fall in with an itinerant Siberian preacher, and under the latter's influence he ostensibly reformed, repented, and became converted. Whether there was any sincerity in this professed change of heart or not we have no means of knowing; but for two years or more the repentant sinner studied the Bible, ecclesiastical history, and the writings of the Church fathers, and finally went on a long religious pilgrimage. When he returned to western Siberia he became an itinerant preacher himself, and set up as a *starets*, or "holy one," under the name of Rasputin. By this time he had become a man of shrewd native ability, had acquired self-

[1] Mark vii. 1-8.
[2] Not merely "born again," but "born anew" or "born from above."

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confidence, and had discovered that by means of his personal magnetism, his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his reputed holiness, he could exert a strong influence over both men and women, but particularly women. The idea then apparently occurred to him that he could find a wider field for the exercise of his talents in the capital of the Empire than in western Siberia, and in 1905, armed with letters of introduction from the local ecclesiastical authorities to Bishop Theofan and the famous Father John of Cronstadt, he started for St. Petersburg.

The supposition that a middle-aged, profligate Siberian muzhik could make a career for himself in the higher circles of St. Petersburg society would have seemed at that time so improbable as to be almost ridiculous; but the daring, quick-witted, unscrupulous religious impostor was well on the road to success in less than three months. He seems to have been taken up first by the ladies of the higher court circles, who found his religious teachings novel and his personality attractive. The Countess Ignatief, wife of a former Governor-General of Siberia, is said to have called attention to him first, but he was soon received as a welcome guest in all those salons of the capital where religious and philosophical questions were discussed. "In a few months," said the St. Petersburg "Reitch," "the *starets* reached the apogee of his influence and success. Religious seekers in the salons regarded him as a sort of apostle, who had come as the bearer of new truth and teaching. His religious and philosophical theories, based on his alleged authority from on high and on the 'cleansing' of the world from its sins through him, attracted a throng of disciples—especially female disciples—and opened a wide arena for the gratification of his lascivious propensities."

Accounts differ as to the circumstances in which the Czar first met him; but in the winter of 1906–1907 he seems to have been received at the Winter Palace and to have been presented there to the Empress. About that time he began to be known and talked of as "Gregorio Novus," and his influence with the Imperial family became so strong that even nobles, generals, and high officers of state who desired promotion or increase of salary sought his intercession and support. On his reception days his apartment was thronged, and he granted petitions and dispensed favors with all the assurance of royalty. So confident was he of his power that, according to the St. Petersburg "Gazette," he would often say to a petitioner: "Take this" (writing his own name on a scrap of paper) "to so-and-so, and tell him that Gregory ordered it" (*Skazhee pramo "Gregory prekazal"*). Whether the Czar was aware of Rasputin's dissolute life or not it is impossible to say; but if he was he paid no attention to it. Throughout the years 1907 and 1908 the *starets* was a frequent visitor at the Imperial Palace in Tsarskoe Selo, and was apparently on intimate terms with both the Emperor and the Empress. Meanwhile, however, his relations with women, and especially women of high social position, became an open scandal.

In the early part of 1909 Bishop Theofan received so many complaints of Rasputin's continued bad conduct that he again summoned him before an ecclesiastical court, which, after hearing his defense, directed him to seclude himself for a year in a monastery and there "listen to spiritual admonition." Rasputin coolly declined to go, on the alleged ground that "his spiritual daughters and female disciples could not get along without him." The court made no attempt to enforce its mandate, but in 1910 the scandal became so notorious and the proofs of Rasputin's misconduct so convincing that Bishop Theofan denounced him as a hypocrite (*obmanshchik*) and Prime Minister Stolypin ordered him out of the city. The dissolute *starets* then disappeared, and for about two years nothing was heard of him. His disciples and "spiritual daughters," however, continued to insist that injustice had been done him, and to urge that he be permitted to return. Their efforts in his behalf were supported by Bishop Hermogen and by the monk Iliodor, whose influence over the Czar was then very great, and toward the end of 1911 Rasputin reappeared in St. Petersburg, where he soon recovered all the ground he had lost, and more. Again he became the favorite, if not the adviser, of the Emperor and Empress, and again he was taken up by the court ladies in the salons. "During the next two years," says the St. Petersburg "Reitch," "the life and success of the *starets* were perhaps without a parallel even in Russian history. To his influence were attributed the resignation of S. M. Lukianof, Procurator of the Holy Synod; the overthrow of Bishop Hermogen and the monk Iliodor, with whom he had quarreled; the promotion of Bishop Barnabas; the campaign against the Metropolitan Antonius; and the wholesale dismissal of professors from the ecclesiastical academies." His activities finally created so much indignation in the Duma that they were made the subject of two interpellations.

In July, 1914, while Rasputin was making a visit to his native village of Pokrofsky, in the Siberian province of Tobolsk, he was stabbed in the street by a peasant woman named Guseva, who declared, when she was arrested, that she "wished to remove from this world that false, infamous prophet, who has led so many people astray, and who has falsely instructed the Czar on countless questions." Rasputin, who seemed to be mortally wounded, was taken to a hospital in Tiumen, where he was soon cared for by Professor Serge Fedorof, the Czar's court physician, and Mademoiselle Virubova, a lady-in-waiting of the Empress, who had been sent there by Imperial command. Two or three days later a telegram from Tiumen announced that after a surgical operation Rasputin died, without recovering consciousness, at 6 P.M. on the 14th of July. But he was not dead. A subsequent report stated that he had regained consciousness and would probably recover. Three or four months later he was again in St. Petersburg, apparently as popular among the women and as powerful at the court as ever.

After the outbreak of the European war Rasputin's influence over the Emperor and the Empress was popularly connected with many important events, notably the removal of the Grand Duke Nicholas from command of the armies. Rasputin, it was said, favored a separate peace with Germany, and the Grand Duke, when he heard of it, declared that if the *starets* should fall into his hands he would hang him.

Russian newspapers and speakers in the Duma have never been permitted to criticise, directly or indirectly, the Imperial family; but during the past two years the attentive reader of current Russian history must have noticed, in the press and in parliamentary debates, frequent references to the "dark forces" that were attempting to control Russia's foreign and domestic policy. These "dark forces" were Rasputin and other adventurers, impostors, or fanatics, who were apparently influencing the character and sometimes inspiring the acts of a religiously inclined but superstitious monarch. The most potent of these sinister influences has finally been removed by assassination. According to telegrams from Petrograd which reached this country early in January and which have since been confirmed, Gregory Rasputin, the Siberian *starets*, the favorite of high-born women, and the reputed counselor of the Czar, has been shot to death, apparently by a number of persons, and his body, riddled with bullets of different calibers, has been found in the river Neva. It does not yet appear whether the murder was due to social or to political causes; but in either case the life that the man lived is a sufficient explanation of his death. The story of such a life would hardly be worth telling if it did not throw light on a monarch and a ruling class whose character and actions now have interest and importance for the whole civilized world. That Gregory Rasputin, impostor and profligate though he was, had intimate relations of some sort with the Russian Imperial family there can be no question. Shortly before the outbreak of the European war the Czar's chief press censor called the editors of all the Petrograd newspapers to his office and warned them that they must not discuss the character of the Siberian *starets*, nor describe his activities, nor even refer to him by name.

"But," the editors objected, "the man is a notorious evil-doer, who is bringing discredit on the Government and the Church. The whole city is filled with the scandal of his life. Why should we be forbidden to refer to him?"

"I can't answer that question, gentlemen," replied the press censor, "but this I will say to you in confidence: if you touch Gregory Rasputin, you lay your hands on the Russian Holy of Holies. You may now go."

In the summer of 1914, when Rasputin was supposed to be lying dead in the Tiumen hospital, the strictness of the censorship was temporarily relaxed, and then were published in the St. Petersburg newspapers some of the biographical details above set forth.

GEORGE KENNAN.

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THE HYPHEN IN MEXICO

BY GREGORY MASON
STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

HERNANDO CORTES was the first Mexican hyphenate and the man who brought the hyphen to Mexico. We think of trouble over the hyphen—that is, trouble caused by divided allegiance on the part of some of a country's citizens—as belonging particularly to the United States. But since the indomitable Cortes burned his ships behind him after landing on the coast near Vera Cruz before attacking the vast Aztec empire with a few hundred Spanish men-at-arms, the hyphen has been a constant source of friction in Mexican history.

Of course for three hundred years after the conquest the Spaniards were technically not foreigners in Mexico, which during those three centuries was ruled by Spain; but for all practical purposes in the eyes of the great submerged masses of natives they were foreigners just as much in those years as later when the last Spanish flag had been hauled down from the gloomy castle of San Juan de Ulua in the harbor of Vera Cruz. And to-day of all hyphenates in Mexico the Spaniards are the most hated by the natives. The word hyphenate is here used, of course, in its colloquial sense, as meaning a foreigner, or one who, although perhaps technically a Mexican citizen, still keeps the warmest spot in his heart for some foreign country, the fatherland of his birth or ancestors.

Americans are concerned with the interests of foreigners in Mexico, since they are the most numerous foreigners there. As just remarked, and contrary to a widespread belief in the United States, the dubious honor of being disliked above all foreigners by the natives cannot be claimed for the Americans in Mexico, but must be granted to the Spaniards.

This confuses many Americans when they first go to Mexico, for they find it hard to distinguish a Spaniard from a "white Mexican."

"How can they hate the Spaniards," an American woman touring Mexico once asked, "when they speak the same language?"

That is so; but we speak the same language as the natives of the British Isles (although the latter sometimes deny this), and yet for generations the historic foe of the United States was Great Britain. Indeed, the hatred of Mexico for Spain is much like the dislike for England—now fortunately much abated—which for years was carefully nurtured in this country by Fourth of July orators and even by statesmen.

But the Mexican antipathy for the Spaniards is deeper than this. Superimposed on the hate which springs from historical causes and is fanned by patriotic winds is a dislike rooted in economic causes. This, in turn, is much like the popular prejudice against Jews which exists in many parts of the United States. In fact, there are few Jews in Mexico, and the unpleasant traits which public opinion in this country often ascribes to the Hebrew—the traits of avarice and business "sharpness"—are in Mexico popularly ascribed to the Spaniard.

There is foundation for this popular feeling, too. In Mexico for years, and even now to some extent, the pawn-shops were mainly operated and controlled by Spaniards. Thus, whenever the impecunious Mexican seeks a loan on his family heirlooms to meet the obligations born of wasteful living, gambling, or misfortune, he usually comes forthwith into contact with a Spaniard. But that does not end the contact. Many of the saloons and *pulque* shops are controlled by Spaniards, so that often the Mexican who has just pledged his personal treasures, on crossing the street to a *pulqueria*, sees his money flowing across the bar into the hands of the same Spaniard or of a relative of him who owns the pawn-shop.

Finally, very many of the priests and nuns of Mexico are Spaniards. For instance, of the hundred or so priests driven from Yucatan by Governor Alvarado the great majority were Castilians. Thus the radical element among Mexicans who are trying to restrict the power of the Church naturally often find themselves in conflict with subjects of Alfonso XIII.

In 1911 there were 20,000 Spaniards in Mexico, according to Mr. T. Philip Terry, author of the best book of reference on Mexico. At the same time, according to the same authority, there were in the Republic about 30,000 Americans and 5,000 British. The Americans are the most numerous foreigners in Mexico, and the Spaniards come second. According to the census of 1910, there were slightly more than 15,000,000 people in Mexico, about 116,000 of them being foreigners.

Of course six years of revolution and anarchy have greatly shrunk these figures. Mexico is so disorganized to-day that he is rash who attempts to give any statistics in regard to her condition, but probably it is safe to say that the number of foreigners in Mexico since 1910 has decreased by more than fifty per cent, and the decrease in the number of Americans has probably been greater than that.

Probably the number of French citizens in Mexico to-day is somewhat less than the number of British, while the number of Germans is about the same. There is not much to be said about the French in Mexico, a statement that in itself is saying much for them. The French mind their own affairs and get along well with the natives. Favorite French activities in Mexico are banking and the dry-goods business. The British, too, are usually well enough liked by the Mexicans, though they frequently suffer by being mistaken for Americans—an error of native intelligence, by the way, which occasionally crops out to the discomfort of many other foreigners. The British are attracted to the same ventures that appeal to the Americans, namely, ranching and mining. Many of the most influential subjects of King George V in the southern Republic are Canadians.

The Chinese in Mexico have taken it upon themselves to feed the foreigners and tourists in the country. Along the great trunk railways of the Republic are many Chinese restaurants where the traveler can get the same things that he would order at a Fred Harvey restaurant in Kansas or Oklahoma. I remember on my first trip to Mexico my joy at finding myself in a Chinese restaurant at Moctezuma, Chihuahua, which was fragrant with the American odors of doughnuts, fried sausage, and "ham and." The Chinese themselves raise most of the products for their restaurant tables, and some of their truck farms near Mexico City are models of the kind. Many Chinese marry Mexican women, but they do not enter much into the social life of the native communities, and most of the Celestials, if questioned, will tell you that their dream is to make enough money to go home and live a life of modest leisure.

There is a riddle beneath the relation of China to Mexico which no savant has yet satisfactorily explained, although many learned heads have wagged over the problem. Some members of Indian tribes from communities far from the usual haunts of the immigrant Chinese look as much like Celestials as if they had just been wafted across the Pacific in a junk. There is strong evidence that this similarity is an ancient one. Many of the little stone gods which the Aztecs or pre-Aztecs worshiped have the same unmistakable slit eyes that Americans associate with the Orient. Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the ease with which the Chinese who go to Yucatan acquire the language of the native Maya Indians. The Maya civilization is much older than the Aztec—in fact, it is one of the oldest civilizations known—and the Chinese who go to Yucatan learn Maya far more easily than they learn Spanish, although Spanish among European and Anglo-Saxon peoples is considered one of the easiest of modern languages to learn.

At the last census there were about ten thousand Chinese in Mexico, and probably the Chinese colony has lost less by voluntary egress from Mexico than any other of the foreign groups. The Chinese have been depleted, however, by murder and wholesale massacre. Not that the Mexicans hate the Chinese. Not at all. But, what is worse, they despise them. Ordinarily the natives leave the Chinese to their own devices, but when a Mexican runs amuck frequently one of the first amusements that occurs to him is to kill a Chinaman. Always careless of human life—including his own—a Mexican soldier regards the life of a Chinaman as less valuable than the life of a dog.

I once witnessed an example of this feeling. In a crowded

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street car running between Torreon and a suburb, Gomez Palacio, a Chinaman and a very small Chinese boy, not more than five or six years old, were occupying one whole seat between them. A Mexican matron of generous dimensions, but short of breath, who had been standing in the aisle, asked the man if he would not take the boy onto his lap and let her sit down. His reply was a string of oaths. When an American remonstrated, the response was only further profanity—this aimed to include Americans in general, their social customs and manners, as well as the manners and personal ancestry of all Mexicans. The American said little more, but took the name and address of the insulted Mexican lady, and when the car arrived at Gomez Palacio called an officer, who put the Chinaman under arrest. The Mexican *comandante* was all for having the Chinaman shot, but after much argument the American persuaded him that if the "Chink" would apologize to the injured lady he ought then to be released on probation. With a guard of two soldiers the American led the Chinaman out of the gloomy little lockup and started to look for the *señora*. Evidently the American had made a mistake about the address, for he marched the now terribly frightened prisoner through every street in the little town without finding the lady. At length, exhausted by the long walk in the hot sun, he gave the prisoner a lecture on the duties of foreigners in a strange country, and was about to release him when the two Mexican soldiers interposed.

"What, sir?" they said; "let him go? That would be a waste of good material. Give him to us to deal with," and they brandished their rifles with savage joy.

"What would you do with him?" asked the American.

"Oh, just stand him up against that house for target practice."

The massacre of Chinese in Torreon a few years ago was one of the most brutal items in Mexico's bloody history. There are a number of explanations of how the orgy of murder started, but the most popular report is that a drunken Mexican soldier killed a Chinaman, and in stripping him for loot found a quantity of money in the dead man's shoe. He then went looking for more Chinese. The word spread that the yellow men all had money in their shoes, and as the Mexicans, whom it is charitable to believe were intoxicated, thought it easier to kill first and remove shoes afterwards, the Chinese quarter became a shambles and the streets of the city were littered with dead Chinamen.

In their mysterious way the Chinese of Mexico took the hint, and since that day they have never accumulated in so dense a colony as that one at Torreon. If calamity falls upon a Chinaman in Mexico to-day, most of his neighbors are far enough away to escape.

Japanese in Mexico? Those three words are enough to get a scare-head from the sensational American newspapers on even the "biggest" news day of any week. Naval bases at Magdalena Bay and a Japanese legion training under Villa against the strategic moment for swarming over the Texas border are suggested by these sinister words.

Words they are, and nothing more. That is to say, at present there is no evidence of Japanese machinations against the United States in Mexico, except the horrendous words of the alarmists who like to frighten themselves with their own frightful imaginings. The worst that can be said against the Japanese in Mexico from a purely selfish American point of view is that they are very much alive to their commercial opportunities there. A Japanese steamship line is making arrangements for a regular passenger and freight service between Mexico and Japan, and is planning with the Mexican Government to dredge the harbor of Mazatlan to a depth sufficient for large steamers. It has been both affirmed and denied that Mexico has recently bought munitions from Japan.

The 1911 edition of Terry's "Mexico" estimated that there were some eight thousand Japanese in Mexico. The Japanese Legation has recently reported that there are now in that country only some two thousand subjects of the Mikado. Many unofficial reports, however, indicate that the number is greater than that, but there is no reason to believe that it is greater than four or five thousand. The Japanese, like the Chinese, frequently take Mexican wives. One thing that may lead observers to form an exaggerated opinion of the number of Japanese in the country south of the Rio Grande is the fact that those Mexican Indians of an Oriental cast of countenance already mentioned look even more like Japanese than like Chinese.

Of all the foreigners in Mexico the Germans are in many ways the most successful. Unlike the British and Americans, they frequently marry native women, for more often than their Anglo-Saxon cousins the Germans go to Mexico with the intention of settling there for life. With their ubiquitous thoroughness they learn Spanish quickly, and they make it a point to study the art of pleasing the Mexicans. They are deadly commercial rivals, for they know what the Mexicans want better than the Mexicans know themselves. Just now the Germans are forcefully pushing the sale of a cheap watch, a sewing-machine, and a phonograph, all of German make. The hardware business in Mexico, in particular, has long been considered a German field. But in many other directions, up to the time that the European war began, the Germans were cutting in on the trade of England and the United States, and they are already planning their campaign to be begun as soon as the war is finished.

To sum up, in point of the popularity of foreign nationalities in Mexico, the Germans lead. There are many Mexicans who think, as Huerta once remarked, that the three greatest nations of the world are Mexico, Japan, and Germany, and some of them perhaps hope, as Huerta is reported to have added, that "some day these three nations will get together and wipe the United States off the map."

No doubt Mexico would be glad to have the protection of Germany against the aggression, or what she considers the aggression, of the United States. No doubt Germany would be glad to have Mexico as a colony, and, realizing the difficulty of that, there is no doubt that she would be glad to have Mexico as a tool ready to be used by Germany in any way if occasion should arise. But, admitting this, no one has brought to light sufficient evidence to prove that Germany has tried to plunge the United States into war with Mexico to help herself in the European war. I know many Americans who have hunted for this evidence, but none who have found it. American secret service men probed the sources of the Columbus raid apparently without finding anything that convicted Germany of implication in that massacre.

No doubt, though, some Mexicans would prefer German ownership of Mexico to American intervention. An alliance with Germany has long been a popular dream with Mexican politicians. As the probability of this and the probability of an alliance with Japan have grown apparently more remote, the Mexicans have taken to cultivating their cousins of South America with great eagerness. While I was in Mexico a new diplomat from the Argentine was received by Carranza with great splendor, and every possible occasion is seized to flatter the Governments and the peoples of the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Peru, and other Latin-American nations.

In these efforts the Mexicans are aided by the fact that, in common with the Mexicans, the South Americans have a good deal of distrust of the ambitions of the United States. Indeed, some of this is shared by the nationals of European countries, and while many of the latter want foreign intervention in Mexico to protect the rights of foreigners, many of them say that this ought to be international intervention rather than intervention by the United States alone. And many others predict that this international intervention will be forthcoming after the end of the war in Europe. A very prominent English business man in Mexico said to me:

"After they have settled their differences, why should not England and Germany send a joint army into Mexico to protect their joint rights here?"

The *rapprochement* between Mexico and her sister Latin-American countries is furthered by the fact that the South Americans in Mexico generally make more effort than do the Europeans and North Americans to win the friendship of the natives and to enter into the spirit of their country. Of course in this they are aided by a similarity of racial make-up and by a similarity of language. But the fact remains that the citizens of the United States and the Europeans, with the possible exception of the Germans, do not try as much as they ought to try to accommodate themselves to the spirit and institutions of Mexico in a way to win the friendship of the natives.

One fault that can be found with most of the foreigners in

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Mexico is that they care too much about making money there and not enough about entering into the life of the people. To a great many of them Mexico is just a huge mine or ranch from which dividends are to be extracted as rapidly as possible. A good deal of the suffering and bloodshed that has taken place in Mexico since the assassination of Madero might have been avoided if the influential foreigners had recognized the genuine social aspects of the Madero revolution and had given their aid to the elimination of social injustice and to the reparation of the ills of Mexican society as it was constituted under Diaz. Some few of them did this, but more of them have judged every social movement in Mexico simply from the prospect of its immediate effect on dividends.

If more foreigners would go to Mexico to live instead of to make fortunes to be spent in other lands, and if more of them would act in Mexico as they expect foreigners to act in England, Spain, or the United States, both their troubles and the troubles of the Mexicans would be greatly reduced.

Mr. Mason's next article will deal particularly with the situation of the Americans in Mexico, and will analyze the alleged deep dislike of the Mexican for the "Gringo"

THE WHITE ISLAND

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

Our readers will recall former articles by Mr. Hunt, who was a member of the American Relief Commission in Belgium. His book "War Bread" is one of the best of recent contributions to war history.—THE EDITORS.

THE aviation launch rolled slowly in the grip of the ground-swell behind one of the desolate islands off Tenedos, southwest of the entrance to the Dardanelles. The afternoon was windless and humid. Warm, dripping fog gripped the launch and hid from her the outlines of the rocky, treeless island in whose lee she lay. Fog had sprinkled the deck as if with baptismal water, and the day was noiseless except for the lazy slapping of waves against the launch's side.

A hydro-aeroplane alongside dipped and rose rhythmically with the launch's motion, and the aviator, Lieutenant Douka, of the Royal Flying Corps, muffled in a British airman's uniform, with thick wadded helmet on his head, goggles, and rubber gauntlets, bent over and tested the bomb-dropping mechanism. Those who had known Douka as a student in America or as an unambitious idler in Paris would hardly have recognized him in his new rôle. He had always been romantic, but he explained this amiable weakness as an inheritance from his Byzantine ancestors. "My grandparents were Greek, you know," was his offhand explanation to college friends of his glowing fondness for the classics and things Hellenic. His two or three trips to Greece had been marred by the unpleasant contrast between the Greece he had imagined and the Greece of to-day. He could scarcely make himself understood in the modern tongue of Hellas; it irritated him, as modern English would doubtless irritate Chaucer. "A degenerate language and a degenerate people," he told himself. Yet he had taken up aviation at Pau, not as a sport—although that is what he told his friends—but as one of the gifts he could offer modern Greece when the day of her final fight with the Turk should dawn.

Then came the war. He went hopefully to Athens. There came a day when King Constantine overrode his people, Venizelos retired, constitutional government in Greece ceased to be, and Douka went to London and volunteered in time for the Dardanelles expedition.

But he gave no sign of all this as he tested and retested the bomb-dropping mechanism hanging between the pontoons which supported the machine and pushed and pulled the controls. He thrust his feet against the pedals and examined the petrol and oil throttles. "Right, lieutenant?" called the skipper of the launch. "Right, sir," he answered. "Belay there! Lively!" the skipper shouted to two sailors who held the machine. A mechanician spanned the propeller and dropped from sight; the motor churned nervously; Lieutenant Douka lifted his hand and signaled that all was satisfactory; the launch shot sidewise, and the 'plane skated swiftly forward, leaving a foaming wake. She tilted and shot forward faster, then up from the water and heavily into the mist. Douka swung her back and around the launch. Along the deck beneath him the sailors stood at attention, but a gust of gray smoke showed him that his escort was already in motion, off for the mother-ship and the flock of aeroplanes at Imbros, and he was alone, sailing away to bomb the Sultan Omar, the flagship of the Turkish fleet.

He looked at the clock—it read 3:17; then at the oil gauge—it was working properly. He climbed to fifteen hundred feet Under him the mist lay like an Arctic snow-field, broken by pools of rotten ice through which the gray sea stared. The sea abruptly changed to gray land, and he mounted higher. He was flying at a height of four thousand feet over Asia, the ancestral enemy of his race and his continent. Somewhere down in the haze beneath lay Troy. Douka smiled bitterly as he thought again of the ten years' warfare, and of how the Greeks had blotted her from the earth. The sullen roar of his motor seemed to stimulate his imagination. The mist thinned slightly, and he saw far away the narrow blue ribbon of the Dardanelles—the blood-thickened boundary between free Europe and the despotic East. Haughty Xerxes once sat on those cliffs and watched his Asiatic worms crossing to conquer the West. Twenty-eight centuries had battled on that blue line. Always it had been the same, age after age, century after century, always the Greek against the Asiatic, the Greek against the barbarian, and for five hundred years the disinherited Christian Greek against the Moslem Turk. Muffled in his helmet as he was, he began to sing an old Byzantine war song—a song his grandmother had taught him. His hate rose like a bird in a gale; his clutched hands bit into the rubber sheathing of the levers; he drove ahead at top speed, but his wrath seemed to leap out before him like a racer distancing the thing behind. To kill, to destroy, to blot out, utterly obsessed him.

High over the Sea of Marmora he flew toward Constantinople. Battles without end had been fought on the watery plains below. There the vast Greek Empire had struggled to the death with the hordes of Asia. The mist which had half hidden the land thinned and disappeared. The choppy air became cleaner and easier to fly through. He climbed to eight thousand feet. Far away he caught sight of the Golden Horn, the royal city of Constantine the Great, like a Grecian jewel set in Oriental gold, or like a Grecian body pierced by the bright spears of Turkish minarets. For five centuries she had been the spoil of the East. He cursed her conquerors and laughed to himself. What if he should bomb the mosque of Omar or the Sultan's palace? . . . He shook his fist at Skutari as if the city were a person. Little flowers of dirty-white smoke bloomed in the air beside him and above him; once he seemed to fly through a shower where before all had been clear, and he felt small pieces of steel drumming like rain on the wings of his 'plane. It was a burst of shrapnel. He laughed and flew on.

Up the Bosphorus he drove, searching the sea with his eyes. The British Secret Service had reported the Sultan Omar at Bojukdere. He strained for a sight of her.

Then suddenly, like a mirage, he saw the half-moon of a harbor and black ships at anchorage. He drew rapidly near. A violent puff of smoke rose from the funnels of the largest ship. She had seen him, or she had been warned, and was endeavoring to escape. With a cry of delight, he recognized her. She was the Sultan Omar.

Hidden forts on the green hills about the harbor burst into life. Smoke, flame, and the dull thud of cannon rose to him,

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for he was flying lower and lower. A shrapnel shell flashed just in front of him and showered steel splinters against his windshield. He screamed with laughter. It seemed to him ridiculously funny that they should think they could kill him or escape him.

He volplaned; from seven thousand feet he sank to one thousand, then to eight hundred—to seven hundred—to six hundred—to five hundred. A curving white wake showed him that his victim was in motion. He was almost over her. Rifles cracked as the crew endeavored to reach him with their bullets. He did not hear them. His right arm swung deliberately back to the bomb-thrower. He was near. He was over. He jerked madly, and the pent volcano fell straight upon the war-ship.

The air rocked and heaved. His 'plane almost turned a somersault, and he fought to restore its balance in an atmosphere reeling like a typhoon. Solid waves of air beat and buffeted him. He jerked the levers and fought furiously. Then, like a bronco, the machine found her feet, prancing and shuddering in the choppy air, and up he climbed. A glance over his shoulder was enough, even if the boiling air had not told him of his success. The blue sea was black with wreckage; men like insects floated in the water, but the Sultan Omar had disappeared.

The air still cracked and roared as the Turks shelled him. The whole land seemed to wake, and the setting sun shone through a curtain of dirty smoke. A Turkish aeroplane slid up in long spirals behind him to cut off his retreat; petrol dripped slowly from a leak in his reservoir caused by shrapnel or a rifle bullet. It was the price of his success; a glance told him that he could not stop the leak. He had often thought of this moment. Should he go back and risk capture by the Turks? No; he would fly straight out into the Black Sea and die alone in its waters. He would fly out into the sea where his ancestors had sailed centuries before the Moslems had taken Constantinople; the sea of the Golden Fleece, of Medea, of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand, of the long campaigns against the Persians. He would die there.

The sun set swiftly. In the twilight his mind seemed to slip its leash and play high jinks with him. His palms grew into the handles of the controls and became part of the mechanism; his fingers lengthened into levers, his legs into rods upholding the aeroplane, and he flew, screaming, laughing, and cursing, until night fell like a plummet from the dusky sky.

Suddenly his machine struck the level surface of the sea and buckled forward. Douka awoke, as if from sleep, tore the harness from his aching head, and slumped forward against the straps, waiting for the end. The wreckage of his machine still floated on the long, slow waves, and rocked easily to and fro, but one of the pontoons was crushed and the other was leaking.

He felt no wind against his face, and the sea was calm. "Lucky," he thought listlessly, knowing that at a touch of wind or wave the 'plane would go under. It might float for hours, or only for minutes; he did not care. Death was certain.

But there seemed to be a sound of voices in the air, a distant singing and a splash of oars. "Delirium," he said calmly. "But how beautifully they sing! What is it? It is Greek! Why, it is the old Greek: 'To thee, Zeus, blessings upon our timid flocks.'" His wondering lips formed the words which he had learned in school.

Then out of the darkness swam a boat, and in the boat were a steersman and four men at the oars, and the men were singing a hymn to Zeus, the Father of all and the King of all. To Lieutenant Douka nothing now seemed strange. To his shaken mind it seemed good to hear them, good to see them, good to find them loosing the straps which held him to the wrecked machine, and lifting him, in silence, into their boat.

Half an hour they rowed, when Douka caught across the level sea a hot breath of wind and the odor breathed from rye-fields in midsummer. "Land! It is land!" he exclaimed. "It is land—the White Island," they answered gently. Both he and they had spoken in the classic Greek, the Greek of the old heroic days—not the bastard modern speech, larded with cruel words from the Turks and the rough idioms of northern barbarians. His tired eyes strained forward. Like night mist advancing upon them came the land, white like foam and very fair; and he heard cicadas chanting in the olive trees, and the warm breath of the night brought murmurs of song and the sibilant lapping of waves along a sandy shore.

All the island was white. A crescent moon stole out of cloud-banks and stared down on white sands, white balustrades, the white walls of palaces, white hills swelling against the darkness, silvery white olive groves, and slowly moving figures, clad all in white, pacing along the stairs.

A white crane beside the landing-place awoke, flapped his wings, and flew slowly off. Stately men and beautiful women thronged the quay and looked down curiously as the boat grated against the beach. "We have brought another from the wars," the steersman called to them. "Welcome, friend," those on the quay called, gently; and "Thanks, friends," Douka answered.

His tortured muscles knotted and failed as he tried to climb from the boat, and he fell back helplessly. Two of the oarsmen bent to him, lifted him like a child, and bore him between them up the long flights of steps. He had fainted.

When he awoke, his nude body lay on a warm marble slab, and two male attendants of the bath were kneading his aching flesh with perfumed hands. Their touch was like ice and like fire, and life seemed poured back into his body as into a wine-skin as they worked. The hands stole over him, gradually more and more softly, exploring, soothing, stupefying. He slept. . . . He awoke once more, to find that they had placed him in what seemed to be a bed of live coals, in a white furnace which burned and leaped with light, but the crackling heat did not harm him, and again he slept. . . . He awoke in a high-roofed hall, and all around him was light and laughter, jets of fountains and music of slow streams; and the two attendants plunged him again and again into pools which received him as into a bed and covered him with warm floods.

Then he was rubbed with oils, and a garland was placed on his head. Two girls came bringing him clothing—a blue-bordered peplos, a white mantle for his shoulders, and white sandals for his feet. "Drink," they said, and they gave him a cup of barley crushed in water flavored with mint.

"Now it is time for the feast," they cried, gayly. "Come to the feast." And they led him through alleys bordered with white violets, hyacinths, roses, crocuses, and ghostly narcissi. In the cleft hills the olive groves gleamed like pools of moonlight; a waking dove gurgled drowsily, and the cicadas sang; and to left and right he heard faint snatches of old Greek hymns and saw white figures moving slowly along the sandy paths.

So they brought him to the banquet in a high-roofed hall of marble, lit by flambeaux in sconces along the walls, garlanded with white lilies, and spread with Oriental tables and low couches. And boys and girls flew laughingly about serving the meats and drink.

He was led to his place, and reclined in the antique fashion on a cushion beneath his elbow. Then guests began to appear through the wide marble doors. To his delight and astonishment he knew them. They were like old friends—friends of his youth, friends of the youth of all the world; and they came into the hall with garlands in their hair and bright robes upon them and gayety and peace in their looks.

There came Achilles, his gigantic arm over the shoulders of Hector, and a smile on his youthful face as he talked; and goat-bearded, bandy-legged Thersites, limping and chattering endlessly; and stately Nestor; broad-breasted, stout Agamemnon; Priam, leaning on an ivory staff; wily Odysseus, walking alone in the throng; huge, ungainly Ajax; gossipy Menelaus, Sarpedon, and Patroclus; Neoptolemus leading by the hand the sweet boy Astyanax; Diomedes, Æneas, smooth-shaven Troilus, black Memnon, laughing Paris. And the women! white-armed Briseïs, motherly Hecuba, Andromache and gentle Cressida, Chryseïs, grave Cassandra, Penelope, Polyxena, Iphigenia, the lithe, dark-eyed beauty of Myrine the Amazon, and the golden radiance of Helen, her face like noon sunlight—Helen of Sparta, for whose sake the Greeks are forever named Hellenes, at whose shrine all men worship, and shall worship so long as beauty endures—these came into the high-roofed hall; these, and many more.

And after them came an old blind singer, a lyre in his hands, a laurel crown upon his head. "Homer, Homer!" they cried. "A welcome to Homer!" All rose as he passed, and they led

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him to the highest place in the hall, and took their pillows again, applauding him.

They poured libations and began the banquet, drinking from four-handled cups studded with gold. They ate no flesh. There was no mark of death in the hall, or violence, or cruelty. They talked gayly, and all their talk was of peace; they told old stories, but all their stories were of peace; and when they sang, their songs were of peace. And always the boys and girls served them, laughing.

Douka drank from his cup, and it was filled again and again. Pain and hatred fell from him like a garment; he laughed and jested with the rest—with Paris of Troy, Paris of Asia, Paris of the East, smiling on his right and bearded Odysseus on his left. "Tell us a tale, Odysseus," he begged at last, "a tale of your travels and your prowess." And Odysseus, shaking great tones from his chest like snowflakes in winter, told of Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinoüs, and the game of ball on the Phocæan shore.

"Prowess?" he ended. "There is no prowess but kindliness. Only kindliness lives forever in the memory."

Then Helen, smiling at them, cried: "Sing, Homer, sing, for the moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, and the time is going by. Sing of hearth and shrine, sing of youth and age, sing of love, sing of peace, sing of the flocks safe from harm, the plowed earth and the groves, and the untroubled sea. Sing of the child nestling close to his mother, and of joy, joy, joy! Sing to us of these, old Homer."

And Homer sang.

At three o'clock in the morning a Turkish torpedo-boat patrolling in the Black Sea came upon the aviator who had destroyed the Sultan Omar. He lay in the wreckage of his aeroplane. The Turks took him unresistingly into their craft. They say that he sang softly to himself in an obscure Grecian dialect and babbled incessantly of Helen and the heroes who fell before Troy.

A WINTER MINSTER

BY MICHAEL EARLS

The interlacing trees
Arise in Gothic traceries,
As if a vast cathedral deep and dim;
And through the solemn atmosphere
The low winds hymn
Such thoughts as solitude will hear.
To lead your way across
Gray carpet aisles of moss
Unto the chantry stalls,
The sumach candelabra are alight;
Along the cloister wall,
Like chorister and acolyte,
The shrubs are vested white;
The dutiful monastic oak
In his gray-friar cloak
Keeps penitential ways
And solemn orisons of praise;
For beads upon the cincture-vine
Red berries warm with color shine,
And to their constant rosary
The bedesmen firs incline;
And fair as frescoes be
Among the shrines of Italy,
These lights and shadows are,
Impalpable in gray and green
Upon the hills afar
And the gold westering sun between.

The music! Hark!
Oh, an it be no rapturous lark,
Yet has the lesser chant
The blessedness of song.
The snowbird mendicant
Intones the antiphon—
Et laboremus nos;
And all the grottoed aisles along,
Where servitors rejoice,
The chorused echoes run—
Oremus nos.
The inspiration of the breeze
Gives every reed a voice
From tenebræ and silences;
Over the valleys borne,
Come organ harmonies;
And when the low winds call,
The pines with miserere mourn
A requiem musical,
Softer than moonbeams fall
Across the starry oriels of night,
Flooding the azure round
With hushed delight
And sanctity of sound.

Holy Cross, Worcester, Massachusetts.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND CIVIC PATRIOTISM

BY HERBERT A. L. FISHER

MINISTER OF EDUCATION IN THE NEW BRITISH CABINET

This is the third and last article in the series by Dr. Fisher begun in the issue of January 3

THERE is probably no department of English educational life in which the improvement has been so palpable and conspicuous during the last half-century as the universities. When the present writer was elected to a fellowship at a famous Oxford college in 1888, he was introduced to one of the senior fellows—an elderly clergyman who had come up from the obscurity of his college living in the country to partake of the good things provided at the Annual Founders' Commemoration Festival. "Young man," said the venerable rector, "do you know any science? I mean the only science fit for a gentlemen—the science of whist?" And then he proceeded to describe the life of the college as he knew it of old—how dons and undergraduates hunted by day and played cards by night, and how, but for a few hasty scraps of elementary Latin, Greek, and mathematics, the pleasant tenor of college life was untroubled by the intrusions of the serious Muses.

In those easy days all the higher teaching of England was centered in the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and these ancient seats of learning were closed to large sections of the population. The democracy had long been excluded from the privileges of university training by the fatal barrier of expense, to be transcended only by the favored few with the

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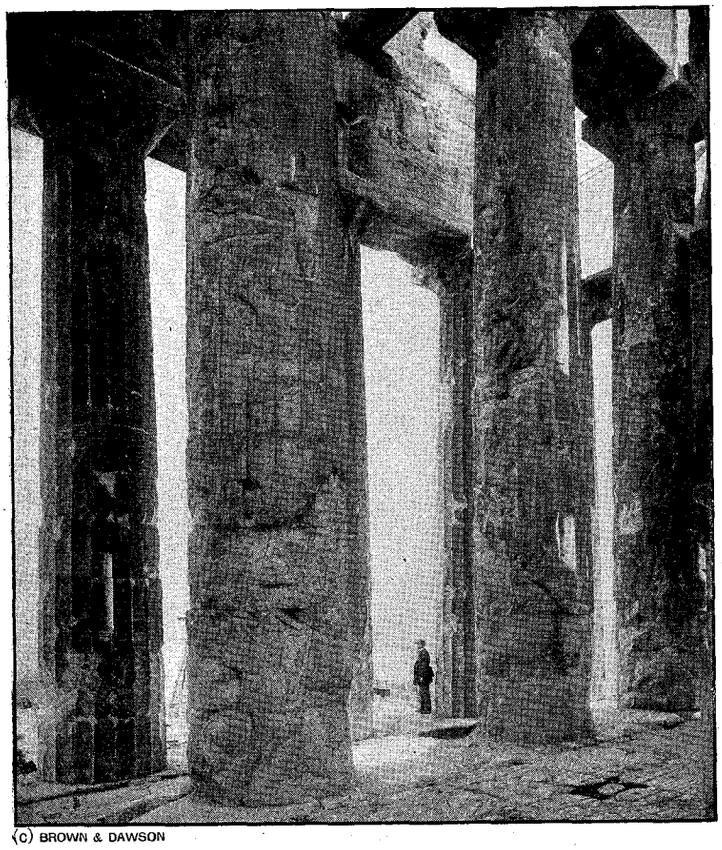
CURRENT EVENTS PICTORIALLY TREATED



(c) BROWN & DAWSON

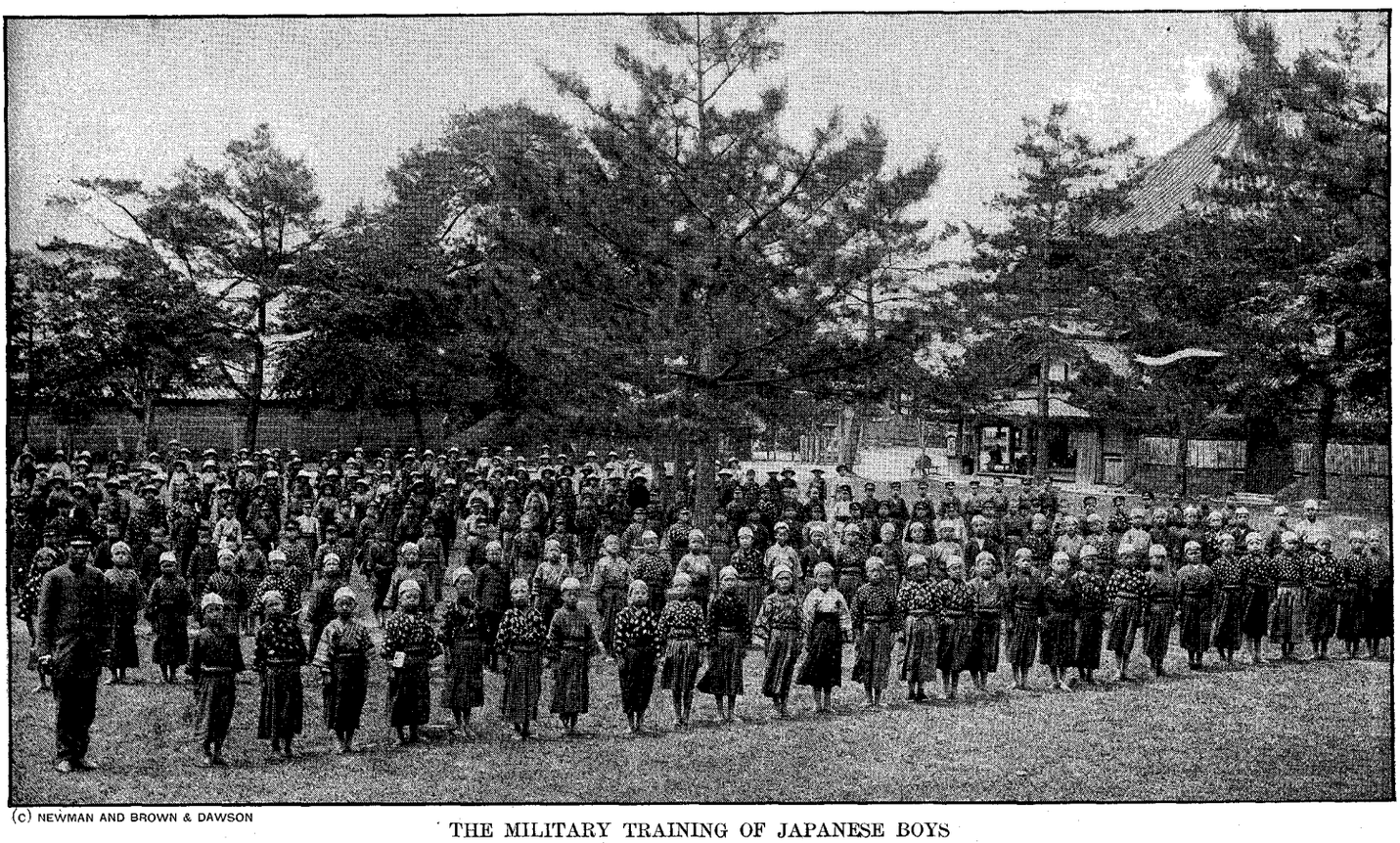
THE PARTHENON AS IT APPEARS DURING THE GREAT WAR

This famous structure has been a mute witness of many of the most stirring events of European history for over two thousand years. It was badly damaged in 1687 in a war between the Turks and the Venetians

(c) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

BELGIAN REFUGEES ARRIVE IN NEW YORK

The deportation of Belgians by their German conquerors has led philanthropic persons to save many Belgians from that sad fate by enabling them to come to the United States. The picture shows some recent arrivals



(c) NEWMAN AND BROWN & DAWSON

THE MILITARY TRAINING OF JAPANESE BOYS

Preparedness is not a debatable question in Japan. Her youth expect to serve their country and to be skilled soldiers when the call comes for their services. Their natural docility is said to make their instructors' task an easy one

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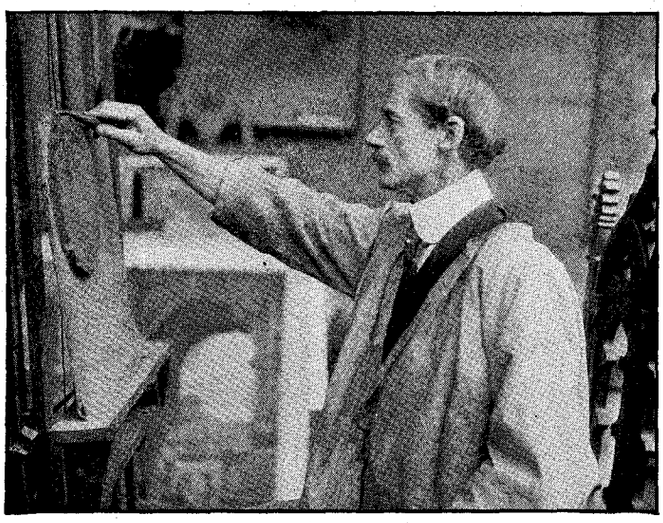


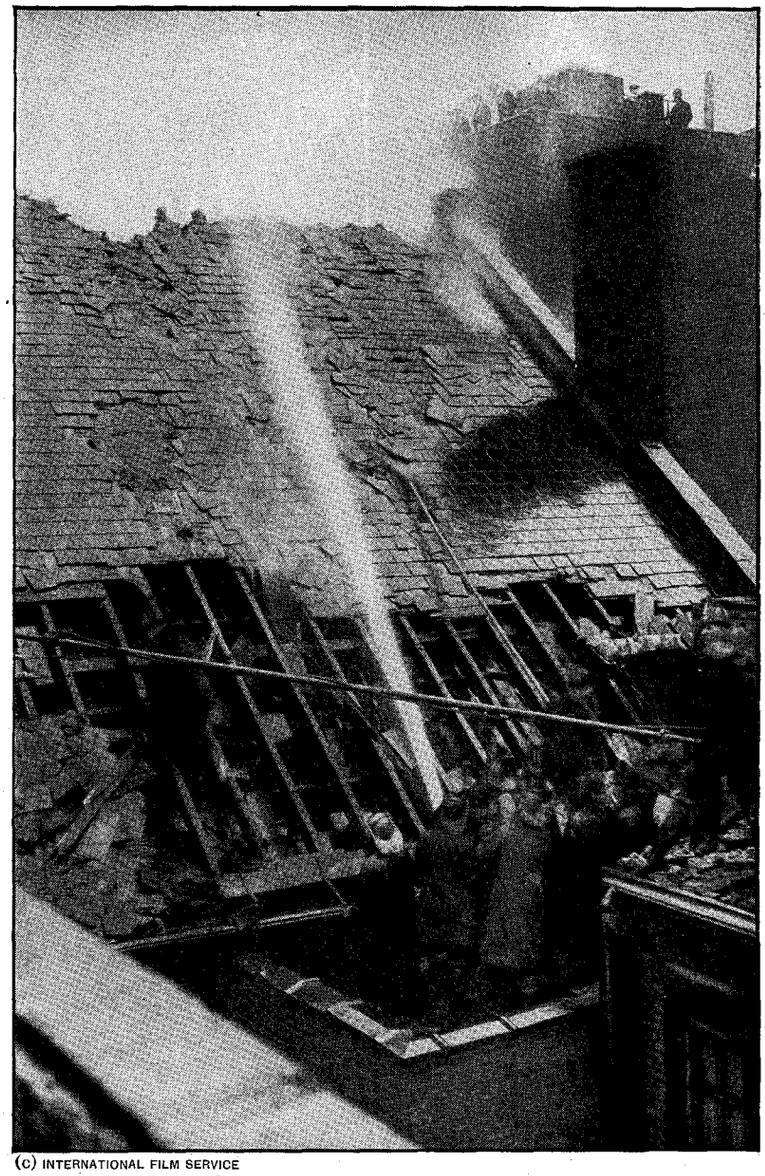
HERMAN A. MACNEIL, DESIGNER OF THE NEW QUARTER

This coin is to be issued this week

ADOLPH A. WEINMAN, DESIGNER OF THE DIME AND HALF-DOLLAR

These coins have just been issued

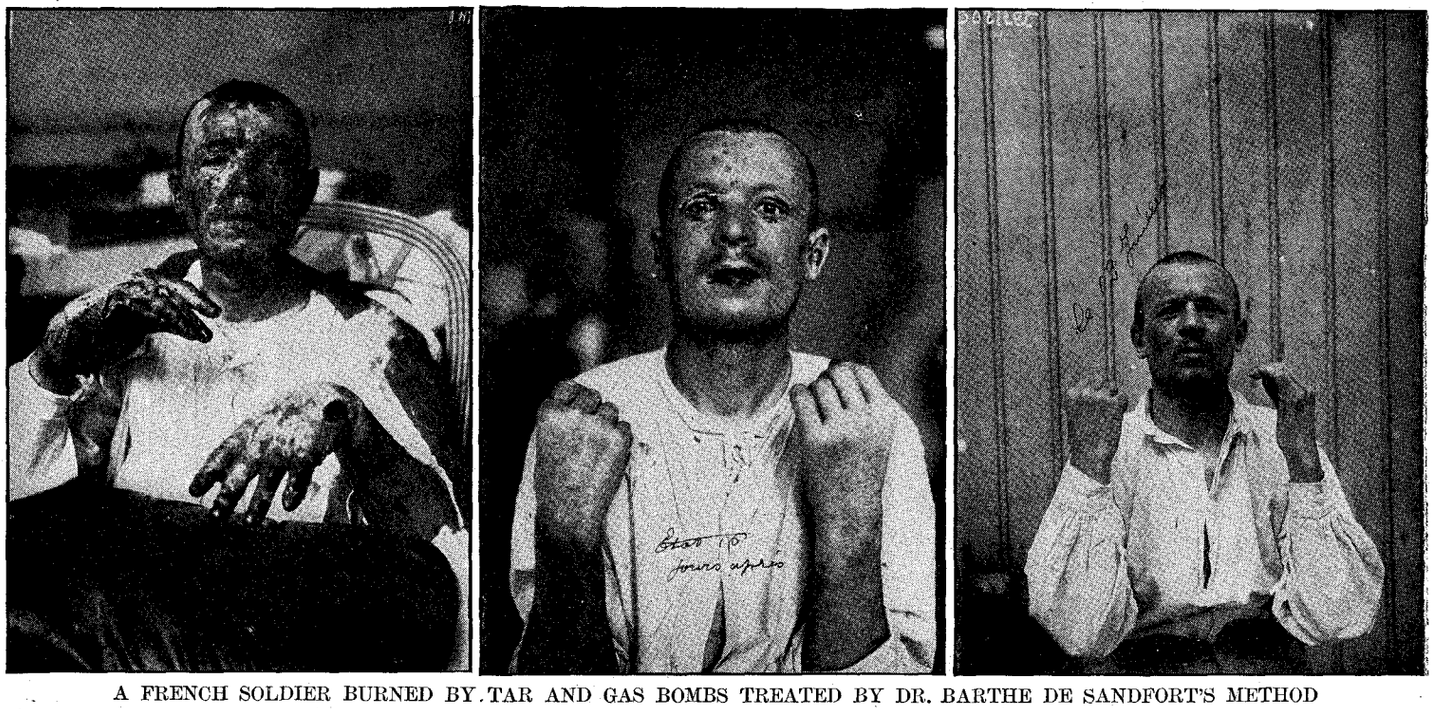
THE DESIGNERS OF THE NEW COINS



(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

A MOVIE FIRE—BUT ONE NOT DESIGNED FOR THE FILMS

The picture shows an incident during a fire which destroyed the home of a moving-picture concern in New York City. Several firemen had narrow escapes from death at this fire



A FRENCH SOLDIER BURNED BY TAR AND GAS BOMBS TREATED BY DR. BARTHE DE SANDFORT'S METHOD

The left-hand photograph shows the soldier as he appeared when he entered the hospital on the 14th of June; the middle photograph shows his condition ten days after; and the right-hand photograph shows his condition on the 19th of July. These striking pictures portray not only the ghastly effects of some of the weapons employed in the European war, but also the remarkable results of the new method of treating burns which has been introduced into both the French and English armies by the French surgeon Dr. Barthe de Sandfort at Issy-les-Moulineaux, near Paris. See article elsewhere giving an account of a controversy over this method

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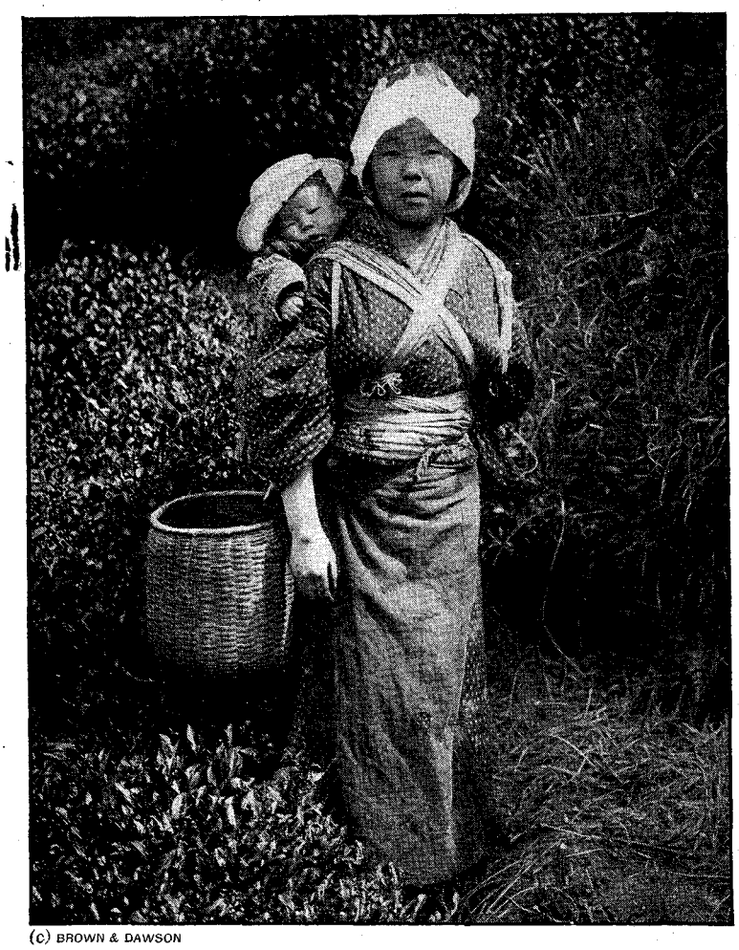


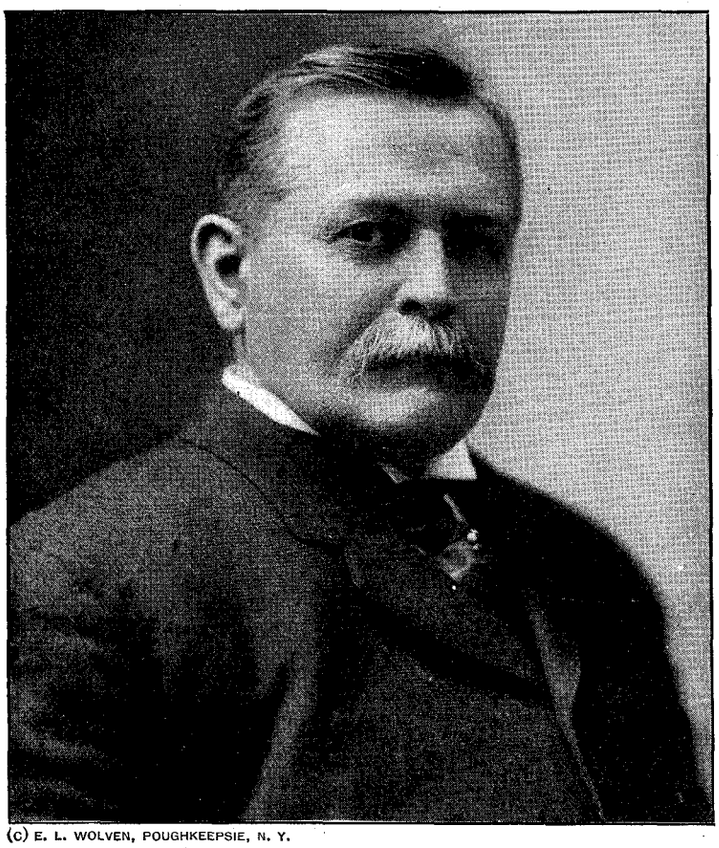
(c) BROWN & DAWSON

This little mother is properly so called, for she is carrying her own baby. She is a Japanese, and holds her child in the traditional fashion of her country

(c) BROWN & DAWSON

This "little mother" is a mother only in the sense of one who affectionately cares for a baby. She is a Peruvian girl and is the trusted guardian of her baby sister

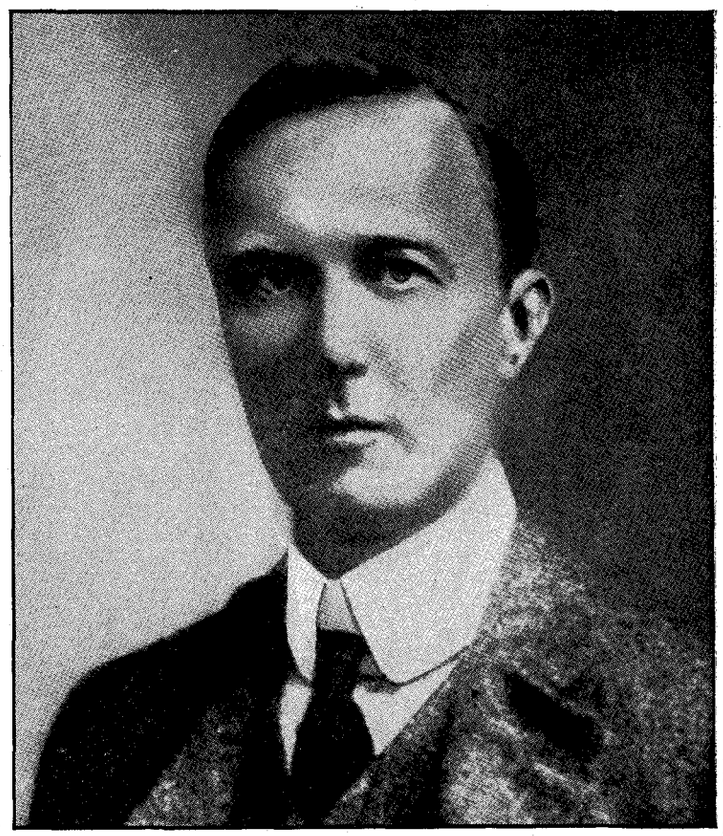
LITTLE MOTHERS IN FAR-AWAY LANDS



(c) E. L. WOLVEN, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

DR. JAMES M. TAYLOR

A sketch of the career of Dr. Taylor, former President of Vassar College, who died recently, appeared in The Outlook of January 3, 1917



HERBERT A. L. FISHER

Minister of Education in the New British Cabinet

An article by Mr. Fisher, the concluding one of a series, appears in this issue

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help of a scanty provision of scholarships and sizarships. The office of a university was to turn out a gentleman, and with rare exceptions the gentry alone were in the custom of sending their sons to partake of the advantages of university training. A curious kind of social tradition, at once generous and narrow, attached itself to these famous bequests of mediæval piety. The universities had become an appanage of the Established Church, and one of their principal functions was conceived to be the training of Anglican clergymen. The atmosphere was pleasant and refined, flavored with manly sports, classical poetry, and the divinity and piety of the Anglican school. Roman Catholics, Jews, and Dissenters were rigidly excluded from this agreeable aristocratic society. A few rare men of learning lurked among the folios in the library, but learning was rare, and the English universities counted little in the march of European intellect, and were estranged from the great tidal waves of religious and philosophical speculation which were familiar to every student of Berlin, Göttingen, or Paris.

All that has passed away now, and a change as profound and far-reaching as any in our history has broken down the isolation and transformed and supplemented the activities of our two ancient and orthodox shrines of learning. The Episcopal Church no longer reigns supreme on the Cam and the Isis. Dissenting colleges and Jesuit colleges vie with the older foundations in providing candidates for degrees and attendants upon lectures. The religious tests have been abolished. Indian Brahmins sit side by side in college halls with Congregationalists from Massachusetts or Roman Catholics from Ireland. Every year the gates are thrown open more widely to the poor, and it is not an uncommon thing to see in an Oxford lecture-room samples of every grade and condition of social life. Fifty years ago the two English universities were very provincial. They drew their students mainly from the rich, privately endowed schools which we in England term the public schools, and they turned them out parsons, lawyers, or politicians. Now university men may come from any quarter and may be found in any profession or business. In the years just preceding the war Oxford had become the most cosmopolitan university in the world. I remember with some interest noting the composition of one of my audiences in the summer term of 1912. There was a Nestorian from the Euphrates Valley; a Filipino; there were Frenchmen, Russians, and Germans. There were Rhodes Scholars from the United States and from every one of the British dominions, and, mingled with these stalwart specimens of Anglo-Saxon humanity one saw the brown skins of the Bengali and Mahratta and the yellow skin of the Mongolian. Nor was the English section of the audience, though outwardly more homogeneous, less strikingly different from the gatherings which had thronged round Newman or Church. It was partly female, partly labor; and, mingled with the rosy athletes from our public schools, by the cut of his collar you could discern the Roman Catholic priest.

No university should aim at becoming a menagerie; but we cannot deny that it is the price of a certain success. In the last fifty years the two ancient English universities have shaken themselves free of their shackles and have taken a place appropriate to their antiquity and to the splendor of their buildings and endowments in the great co-operative work of scholarship and science. It can no longer be a reproach to an English professor that "with long and deep potations he drowns the brisk intemperance of youth." The best of the work turned out in the laboratories and libraries of England compares with the finest achievements of Paris and Berlin. We may not have so large an army of useful but second-rate researchers as Germany, but we are at least as rich, if not richer, in discovering minds of the finest quality. We need only mention a few names by way of illustration—Kelvin and J. J. Thomson in physics; Sylvester in mathematics; Maine and Maitland in law; Bryce, Stubbs, Gardiner, Bury, in history; Arthur Evans and James Frazer in archæology and folk-lore; Gilbert Murray and Robinson Ellis in Greek and Latin scholarship; Lightfoot, Driver, and Sanday in Biblical criticism. This is a noble list to which many names might yet be added without a lowering of the standard.

The transformation of pleasant dormitories into active centers of learning and research was fully accomplished in the span of two generations. It is no longer the sole aim of an English university to produce an English gentleman. A general education in the humanities, though still accounted to be a precious thing, is not held to be inconsistent with the severest discipline in highly specialized branches of science. The universities are not merely expected to impart culture to young persons; it is an essential part of their function to extend the boundaries of human knowledge and to support careers dedicated to the pursuit of learning and discovery. The old frontiers which, by a tradition dating from the Renaissance, practically confined the intellectual activities of Oxford and Cambridge to mathematical, classical, and theological studies, have long ago been obliterated, and there is hardly a subject under the sun which may not become the substance for a university diploma or degree. I have known of a school-boy who offered the habits of eagles as his subject for matriculation, and of academic theses founded upon a first-hand acquaintance with the tribes of Mexico and Siberia.

But perhaps even more striking than the transformation of Oxford and Cambridge, which, despite all changes, still seem to preserve something of their ancient atmosphere and charm, is the growth of the new universities in the great urban centers. Of these there are now (excluding Wales, which has a new university of its own) eight, situated respectively in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Durham, and Bristol. Now, with the single exception of Durham, whose principal academic building is situated in the wonderful old Bishop's Castle, none of these universities can lay claim to picturesque buildings or beautiful surroundings. They are for the most part situated not far from the center of smoky cities amid the clang of machinery and the roar of traffic. And their buildings are in strict consonance with the severely practical character of their surroundings. Students do not come to these universities to enjoy the amenities of a pleasant social life; they come to fit themselves for the hard struggle which lies before them. Here, too, men and women of every denomination and social grade are welcome; but the aristocracy is conspicuously absent. The average of students come from the humble homes of the locality served by the university to which they resort. They are the sons and daughters of the doctors, the lawyers, the clergymen, the tradespeople, often of the superior artisans, hardly ever of the county gentry or of the wealthier manufacturer or merchant. And they are not in the main the ablest members of their class. These are drawn off to the older universities by the lure of scholarships and the attraction of an academic career which may lead to the highest destinies in the state.

These new universities were for the most part the result of civic patriotism, and were founded by the far-sighted statesmanship of a small knot of business men—three or four perhaps—who managed, often with very great labor, to persuade a reluctant but ambitious community that it was a very fine thing to have a local university. They were primarily intended to bring the higher learning within reach of students whose purses were too slender to afford the expensive residence at the older universities; and a second and not less important object was to develop those branches of pure and applied science which might be most serviceable to the leading industries of the locality. Thus Birmingham makes a specialty of brewing, Sheffield of metallurgy, Leeds of textiles, Liverpool of engineering and of tropical medicine. But since no seat of learning can be in reality local, however narrow and provincial may have been the views of its founders, these new universities are playing a considerable part in the development of the national intellect. They have already at least quadrupled the mass of scientific research in the country; and, be it remembered, we have witnessed only the beginning of the chapter.

In the huge and strenuous centers of toil the institution of the higher learning has still a great mass of passive indifference to overcome, of alien matter to digest. The northern universities, like all the good things of the world, were the product of the far-sighted wisdom of a few men who were able to impress their wills upon a reluctant or inert majority. They have faced many difficulties—lack of money, lack of students, lack of faith. At last it would seem that success is secure. The civic university has acquired the respect of its city and wins an annual increment of confidence and regard.

The place of the universities in the scheme of national life has been exhibited in a new and striking light by the tremen-

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dous events of the European war. People who never believed in universities before are compelled to believe in them now. A professor of archæology, formerly regarded as a harmless lunatic, assumes a different attitude in the public eye when it is discovered that he can command a gunboat, pilot an aeroplane, or lead an infantry charge against a line of machine guns and rifles. The knowledge of Greek is no longer a useless accomplishment if it equips a man to interpret at Salonika; and when the laboratory of a chemist is busy with anæsthetics or poison gas, even the labor member in the City Council may be brought to acknowledge that the professor is not unworthy of a salary. Before the war there was complaint of the idle undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge—"the young barbarians" of Matthew Arnold's gentle satire, who spent their lives in athletic sports. There are no complaints now. The young barbarians have shown that they can die. At the beginning of the war they slipped away to enlist, quietly, unostentatiously, with spontaneous unanimity. They did not, for the most part, wish to fight. They harbored no animosity against the enemy, whom they regarded, with a large and amused indulgence, as a clumsy and somewhat grotesque but not altogether unamiable manifestation of Providence. But at the call of the country they did not hesitate. The universities just emptied themselves of their youth.

After five million men had volunteered for the army and navy it was found necessary to resort to conscription, but it cannot be too often emphasized that no system of compulsion was necessary to bring the university men into the field. They came out of that refined but instinctive sense of duty which is the mark of a wholesome nature brought up under sweet and wholesome influences. At Oxford and Cambridge, where the majority of the undergraduates belong to families which have the tradition of the public service, this eagerness to volunteer was perhaps not surprising. But in the northern universities, where the students are in the main drawn from civilian and often from Nonconformist families, from families which have never known a soldier, a sailor, or a public servant of any kind, the response was hardly less immediate. The whole tradition of a neighborhood would be torn up in a few days.

Even the crassest Philistine may appreciate the value of science to a nation when a Zeppelin lays his neighbor's home in ruins and is brought down, a flaming mass of wreckage, by the adroit maneuver of an airman hovering twelve thousand feet above his shed. It requires no elaborate intelligence to discern that science lies at the root of material success and national power. But those who are chiefly concerned with the future of our universities are not mainly preoccupied with the prospects of applied science, which are plainly assured, but with the spirit in which knowledge will be won and used. There will be more pure science; there will be more applied science. The mere expansion of the art of war, quite apart from the impending changes which seem likely to transform the organization of our industries, will insure this. But what of the ethical spirit of the nation? It is here that the humanizing influence of the universities will be needed to an extent and in a measure hitherto undreamed of. Every one in England talks about the relations of labor and capital, how they have been bad in the past and must be better in the future, and the air is full of schemes to insure economic harmony in a peaceful world. But no change of machinery and technique can effect this reconciliation without a change of outlook and vision—a change such as is often greatly promoted by a great national experience, but which can never be effectually carried out over a wide field without a continuous process of education.

There appear to be at least two possibilities. We have here in England an organization called the Workers' Educational Association. It was founded by workers who felt the need of education, and in particular of that type of education which flourishes in universities. The idea is that small groups of manual workers should gather together round a tutor of university rank, who shall either be engaged in university teaching during part of the year or be in some other way kept in touch with the main current of university life. The class holds together for a period of at least three years, listening to lectures, discussing, writing essays, absorbing from the friendly oracle such wisdom as they may in the intervals of manual toil. There is a certain air of thoroughness in the proceedings. The plan of operations is methodical and sustained. The class is not put off with rhetorical fireworks, but encouraged to press and heckle the lecturer. In the end the good student is enormously improved. His outlook is wider, his estimate of men and things more balanced and moderate, his real power of influence with solid men greatly increased.

Some of the students, alive with sacred fire, swarm off to establish classes on their own account, potter teaching potter, and pitman pitman, until the little original point of light expands into a wide circle. Others band together to spend a week in the summer at one of the older universities, and here in the repose of college gardens drink in something of the sweetness of Academe. Something analogous must have happened far back in the Middle Ages when the mediæval universities were first founded. There too groups of poor and eager students gathered round some inspired teacher and disputed on the high problems of life and mind with that sense of reality which comes to those who live on the hazardous side of things and eat their bread with tears. Then, too, the high doctrine of the solitary thinker was brought to market in the stress and bustle of the town. True that the problems are changed now. The modern worker cares little for metaphysic, but is eager for economic and civic knowledge. But otherwise and in its essential spirit this new movement of democratic, spontaneous education resembles the great religious and educational impulses of which we read in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

In all this there is matter for hope. The plant is still young and tender, but it will grow. Indeed, there are already signs of an early flowering of wholesome influence. The worker has become interested in the ethical side of the social system, and is prepared to plead for status as well as for wages. An idea has sprung up in the workshops that what is mainly wanted is not higher wages but more humanity and a share in the direction. The position of a wage-earner tied to the master by the cash nexus alone has come to seem unsatisfactory even to those—indeed mainly to those—who from a material point of view have least to complain of. And the war has imparted to this newborn sense of human dignity a depth and significance to which the superior education of the leaders of the industrial classes has now added a certain wisdom of outlook and ponderation of issues. It is a noticeable sign of the times that conferences between the Government and the trades-union leaders have become increasingly common, and that in the delicate and difficult work of enlisting the full strength of manual labor in the national cause the active and intelligent co-operation of the workers has been enlisted by the frank and open process of even-handed discussion.

Much also may be hoped from the spread of the academic spirit among the employers. It has been one of the signal misfortunes of our time that until very recently the men who were called upon to conduct great businesses and to be responsible for the fortunes of large numbers of working men and women had received very little in the way of education. There were, of course, exceptions, but in the main it may be said that the university men were in one pen and the business men in another. All this is now changing; not perhaps rapidly, but with a steady forward movement which cannot be mistaken. The universities are extending their influence. Young Oxford and Cambridge men, trained in Plato or modern history, find their way into the grim manufacturing towns of the north, and, in spite of a strange accent, make themselves acceptable to the workers by the genial force of a pleasant address and a considerate temper. By degrees the old rigorous autocracy will break down under the stress of social pressure from below and a gentler influence from above.

The war, with its call to self-examination and energy, will bring many changes; but there are some things which will not change, whatever be the issue of the conflict. We shall not exchange our scheme of academic liberty for the state university of the Prussian system. We shall still believe in private enterprise, private endowment, local initiative. The aim of the nation will never be the attainment of mere mechanical force as an end in itself. Perhaps when the cycle of reform is complete our enemy will declare that we are still a race of foolish gentlemen—a little less foolish than before, but still, by some silly eccentricity of nature, gentlemen in thought and act.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of January 10, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Allies' Reply to Germany.
Reference: Page 54.
Questions:

1. Why is it that a suggestion of peace negotiations without a statement of terms is considered no offer of peace? 2. Are terms of peace usually known in advance of a peace conference? Give several illustrations in proof of your answer. 3. Upon whom or what nations do you place responsibility for the war? What facts have you to back up your answer? 4. Do you think this war ought to be settled upon any different principles than the wars of the past? Discuss. 5. Upon what basis does Germany explain her conduct toward Belgium?

B. Topic: Reply of the Allies to Germany: A Poll of the German Press.
Reference: Pages 62, 63.
Questions:

1. If immediate hope of peace is abandoned and the Powers determine to fight to a finish, where are you going to place responsibility for the continuation of the war? Discuss. 2. For what reasons does Germany consider the form of the Entente's rejection an insult? 3. If Germany sincerely desires to spare suffering humanity and preserve Europe's civilization, as she says, ought she not to be willing to endure what her editors term the "Entente's insulting refusal" and proceed to state her terms of peace as plainly as the Allies have stated theirs? Discuss carefully. 4. In your opinion, the peoples of what countries have been deluded most? Reasons. 5. Do you see any good reasons for believing what the Germans evidently believe, namely, that the Allies aim "at the dismemberment of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey"? 6. How much better off would the Allies be if these nations were dismembered? Discuss. 7. Interpret somewhat at length the quotation from the "Rhenische Westphälische Zeitung." 8. Do you know precisely what Germany is fighting for? Do the Germans? Discuss.

C. Topic: Problems of European Peace.
Reference: Editorial, pages 58, 60.
Questions:

1. In what respects has the war affected *all* the neutral Powers? 2. For what reasons do you think The Outlook believes that "Americans ought now to be forming their opinion on the question upon what terms peace must be made if it is to be a world peace"? 3. How can Americans, if they are going to do this while the war continues, be "neutral even in thought," as President Wilson told all of us to be? 4. Ought a journal of the standing and circulation of The Outlook to suggest anything contrary to the opinion and request of the President? This is a question worthy of considerable thought and discussion. 5. If Germany should grant all the conditions made known by the Allies, how could there "remain difficult problems to be settled by a council of the nations"? 6. Give a brief history of the question of Alsace and Lorraine. For what reasons does Germany feel she has a right to own them? 7. Tell how Schleswig-Holstein became German territory. Do you think Germany has a right to it? 8. Give seven or eight leading facts about Poland. Is not Poland better off now than when she was an independent nation? Discuss. 9. Name several difficulties in the way of a Balkan federation. 10. What is the Eastern question? Has America an Eastern question? Discuss these two questions. 11. A well-informed man maintains that Turkey has benefited civilization. Do you and The Outlook agree with him? Reasons. 12. Would not The Outlook have difficulty in proving that "politically Russia is more absolutely autocratic than Germany; socially it is far more democratic"? 13. Explain why "the first step toward freedom is free commerce." If this is so, is not every nation entitled to a free exit to warm water? Discuss. 14. How would you dispose of Constantinople? 15. Why have the Turks been allowed to remain in Europe? Discuss. 16. Are you able to work out an enduring plan of a federation of European states? Why or why not? 17. Discuss the last paragraph of this editorial. 18. What is your opinion of this editorial as a whole?

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Profit-Sharing.
Reference: Page 58.
Questions:

1. What are the leading facts about recent profit-sharing in the United States? 2. Were you an employer, would you adopt the profit-sharing system? Reasons. 3. How much have the corporations and firms *lost* in profit-sharing? Discuss. 4. Has a wage-earner a right to any more compensation than the customary daily wage? Here is a good question for a thoroughgoing discussion. 5. Do you think all strikes would stop if profit-sharing were universally adopted? Reasons.

III—DISCUSS THE FOLLOWING PROPOSITIONS

(These propositions are directly or indirectly suggested by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but are not discussed in it.)

1. The problems of peace are more in number and greater in magnitude than the problems of war. 2. Empires do not federate, they struggle for supremacy. 3. A national government has a right to do anything it considers necessary for national welfare. 4. It is the duty of every citizen to accept without dissent the actions of his government. 5. Nothing of importance should be done by the government without the consent of the people or of their representatives.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

Define accurately the following words and expressions.

(All of the following are found in The Outlook for January 10, 1917.) Junkers, principle of nationalities, overtures, insult, a liberal, menace, federation, imperialism, nation, self-government, constitutional, nationalism, autocratic, free commerce, co-operation, industry.

THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about all books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Canterbury Pilgrims (The). An Opera. The Text by Percy MacKaye. Music by Reginald De Koven. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

Further Foolishness. By Stephen Leacock. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.

Invisible Balance Sheet (The). By Katrina Trask. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.40.

Pine Tree (The). A Drama. By Takeda Izumo. Introductory Causerie on the Japanese Theatre by M. C. Marcus. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

This is really not a translation, but an adaptation of the Japanese play, with such characteristic native mechanical features as would bore the Anglo-Saxon public omitted. The most interesting part of this little volume is the dissertation on Japanese literature and drama which it includes.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Baby Kangaroo and Lilly Lamb. By C. E. Kilbourne. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 50c.

Baby Reindeer and Silver Fox. By C. E. Kilbourne. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 50c.

Cat's Cradle: Songs Grave and Gay. By H. Stanley Haskins. Sherman, French & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Famous Four-Footed Friends. By G. C. Harvey. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.50.

Handicraft for Handy Girls: Practical Plans for Work and Play. By A. Neely Hall and Dorothy Perkins. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $2.

Outing Adventure Library. Edited by Horace Kephart. **On the Old West,** by George Frederick Ruxton. **Castaways and Crusoes, Captives among the Indians, Adrift in the Arctic Ice Pack,** by Elisha Kent Kane. **First Through the Grand Canyon,** by Major J. W. Powell. **The Lion Hunter,** by Ronalyn Gordon-Cumming. The Outing Publishing Company, New York. $1 each.

An interesting plan for a group of famous stories of adventure is promised here. The volumes named above are famous and well worth reproducing.

Rambler Club in Panama (The). By W. Crispin Sheppard. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 50c.

Sandman (The): His Animal Stories. By Harry W. Frees. (Sandman Series.) The Page Company, Boston. $1.50.

Three Pearls (The). Stories for Children. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Tin Owl Stories (The). By William Rose. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.40.

Tom Strong, Third. A Story of the United States when Railroads and the West Were New. By Alfred Bishop Mason. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.30.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Gospel in Art (The). By Albert E. Bailey. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $3.

Mr. Bailey has already published a volume of "Art Studies in the Life of Christ," and his present volume continues the interpretation of the masterpieces of religious art. For instance, he interprets the Annunciation as pictured by Fra Angelico, Crivelli, Murillo, and Rossetti. Good as is the description of special pictures, the Introduction on "How to Study a Picture" seems worth all the rest together.

Enjoyment of Architecture (The). By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

This book's value is well expressed in its title. Of all the arts, architecture seems to

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Wanted!
A $50,000 Man
For the position of general manager. Must be the very best. Salary $50,000 to begin with; $100,000 a year after making good. Address

Wanted-A $50,000 Man

THE response to this advertisement, run by a big Boston corporation, was enormous. Hundreds of applicants presented themselves, but one by one they were turned down. Their training and knowledge of business principles were not broad enough to fit them for the position. What was wanted was a man with a trained mind—a man who knew the great fundamental principles upon which all business is built.

There are many big positions waiting, right now, for men who are prepared to fill them. Yet qualified men are seldom found. There is a dearth of good material, a famine in the market. In almost every big business there are $10,000 and even $15,000 positions open, waiting for the right men to step in.

The big fundamental principles behind your work

You feel and *know* that you have the capacity for greater success. But conscientious work *alone* will not fit you to get ahead. You must be *prepared* before you can hope to rise much above your present position. You must *master the fundamental principles behind the work you are now doing and which underlie the job ahead of you.*

It is this broad grasp of the fundamentals of business that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is teaching to more than 50,000 men in America today.

Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies, and transmits to you thru the Modern Business Course and Service the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could otherwise be obtained *only* by years of bitter experience—if at all.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, Head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for this Course and Service along with ambitious young clerks in their employ.

Among the 50,000 subscribers are such men as H. C. Osborn, President American Multigraph Sales Co.; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co.; Geo. M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills; William H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Co., and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 242 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the General Electric Co., 282; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 87—and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Helps men succeed in a big way

Daily there filter into headquarters in New York many intensely human stories, showing what the Modern Business Course and Service has done for its subscribers.

One day you hear of a brilliant lad of twenty-two, in a big New York bank, rising to a $9,500 job, and giving credit to the Institute for his success.

The next day a factory manager writes that the Course has just helped him save his firm $7,000 a year. And that a "fair slice" of this went to increase his salary.

The next day a man in a western concern tells how he saved the firm $37,000 a year *by one suggestion,* and what happened then to *his* salary.

These are only typical cases. There are literally hundreds of them. Such remarkable cases are cited by the score in "Forging Ahead in Business."

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of this 135-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," copy of which we will send you free, will repay you many times over. It will help measure what you know—what you don't know, and what you should know—to make success *sure.* This Course and Service will fit you to grasp the opportunities that are bound to come to those who are prepared.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
581 ASTOR PLACE NEW YORK CITY

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

Name .....

Business Address .....

Business Position .....

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"What's the Matter, Robert?"

"You hardly said a word the whole time the Petersons were here. It was quite noticeable. I'm afraid they think you don't like them."

"Noticeable! I should say it was. But I was more uncomfortable over it than anybody else was. I *like* them well enough, but *I couldn't think of anything worth saying,* and you can't talk nothings to people like the Petersons. I'm beginning to dread having people in. I haven't time to do the *reading* necessary to be a good conversationalist, and——"

"Oh, I know the very thing for you. Mrs. Peterson told me about it this evening—a way *they've* found to learn at least one interesting, worth-while thing every day. It is by joining

The Mentor Association

and we must join." The Mentor Association numbers among its members 100,000 folks who know that to be interesting to others one must constantly be absorbing interesting information—information, for instance, about art, nature, music, travel, and other good things that the world has to offer. They are obtaining this information in the most delightful form in "The Mentor."

"The Mentor" comes to them the first and fifteenth of every month—twenty-four times during the year. Each time a special topic is discussed with absorbing interest by a recognized authority who is also a gifted writer. And with each issue of "The Mentor" are six exquisite gravures or color pictures, reproduced on heavy paper, which, added to the illustrations throughout the text, and the text itself, leave a graphic and vivid recollection of the subject.

The Mentor Discussed

and illustrated, at various times during the last several years, for instance, the following topics (note the scope of its interests and activities): Travel, Fine Art, History, Biography, Literature, Music, Domestic Art, Nature and Popular Science.

Beauty Spots in India; the Mediterranean; Switzerland; London; Romantic Ireland; *China; Japan; Mexico; The Philippines;* Alaska; Grand Canyon of Arizona; Shakespeare's Country; Beautiful Children in Art; Beautiful Women in Art; Etchers and Etching; Pictures We Love to Live With; Great Galleries of the World; Michelangelo; Raphael; The War of 1812; Story of the French Revolution; Story of America in Pictures; The Golden Age of Greece.

Joan of Arc; Oliver Cromwell; Napoleon; Milton; Thackeray; Dickens; Shakespeare; Walter Scott; George Washington; Abraham Lincoln; American Poets of the Soil; American Pioneer Prose Writers; Famous Women Writers of England; Famous English Poets; American Novelists; Makers of American Humor; Masters of the Violin; Famous Composers; Masters of Music.

Old Silver; Gothic Architecture; Chinese Rugs; Architecture in American Country Homes; Furniture and its Makers; Natural Wonders of America; American Birds of Beauty; Sporting Vacations; Game Birds of America; Game Animals of America; Favorite Trees; The Weather; Story of the American Railroad.

This is but a partial list of the subjects which "The Mentor" has been discussing, twice each month, with the members of The Mentor Association. It will give you, though, an idea of the delightful excursions they have been taking into realms where their desires would lead them. Yet it is only a part of

What Membership Means

Briefly, membership in The Mentor Association gives you these five things:

First. 24 issues of "The Mentor," bringing a beautifully printed and illustrated story every two weeks, all about one subject written by a leading authority upon that subject—300 pages during the year.

Second. 600 beautiful illustrations, distributed during the year through the text of the 24 issues of "The Mentor."

Third. 144 gravure or color pictures, reproduced on heavy paper, all ready for framing, in deep, rich tones that bring out all the beauty of the originals. On the back of each picture is a crisp five-minute description of the subject that is portrayed.

Fourth. Answers to any question on art, travel, literature, history, nature or architecture, each answered by an authority.

Fifth. Authoritative Club Programs. Any program you may want for a club, a reading circle, a literary afternoon or evening—each made for you by an expert.

How to Become a Member

The Mentor Association wants among its members only those people who love the finer things of life, and yearn for them—music, art, nature and travel—who seek for self-improvement; who realize that to be interesting to others one must absorb worthwhile knowledge; who believe that education is only commenced in school and should be followed through life.

If you believe as we believe, if you desire as we desire, then we warmly invite you to our membership.

But you want to know even more about The Mentor Association before you decide. So we make this suggestion: write your name and address on the coupon below, tear it off and mail it to us. Send no money; you will receive a copy of "The Mentor." If you like it, and want to join The Mentor Association, *send $1 on receipt of a bill from us and $1* each month for but two months thereafter until a total of only $3 has been paid.

A membership in The Mentor Association is yours for but $3 a year; 12½ cents for each issue of "The Mentor."

You are placed under no obligation by signing the coupon. This is a special offer. Don't let it pass. Tear out the coupon *now,* while it's on your mind.

Outlk.

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION 1-17-17
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Please send me one issue of "The Mentor." If, after reading it, I decide to become a member of The Mentor Association, with all privileges as advertised, I will send you $1 on receipt of bill and $1 a month thereafter until $3 has been paid.

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The New Books (Continued)

touch life at the greatest number of points. We live surrounded by its appeal, and yet do not quite know why we like or dislike it, what makes it pleasant or unpleasant to look at. We need such a book as the present volume, in which, in not too technical phrasing, we may learn about the basic principles of architecture as shown in the structures of the present as well as of the past—indeed, particularly those of the present, for we are told how to discriminate between the good and the bad in the very modern sky-scrapers and public buildings.

Practical Book of Architecture (The). By C. Matlack Price. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $6.

Mr. Price's volume might have been entitled "A Guide-Book to Architecture," for it helps those of us who are not too familiar with that art to breathe its actual atmosphere. Like Mr. Talbot Hamlin's book, which also appears at this time, Mr. Price's makes its own individual, educative appeal. Surely the man in the street as well as the trained critic should find much of practical value in such volumes.

BIOGRAPHY

George Washington. By William H. Rideing. (True Stories of Great Americans.) The Macmillan Company, New York. 50c.

John Paul Jones. By Lewis Frank Tooker. (True Stories of Great Americans.) The Macmillan Company, New York. 50c.

Making of an American (The). By Jacob A. Riis. New Edition, with Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

POETRY

"Christus Consolator." By Rossiter W. Raymond. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1 net.

This is a volume of sincere and dignified poems of a religious character.

King of Ireland's Son (The). By Padraic Colum. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

Songs of Ukraina. With Ruthenian Poems. Translated by Florence Randal Livesay. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Here we have the joys and sorrows of the people of the Ukraine—the region of southwestern Russia also known as Little Russia—and there are more sorrows than joys. The gloom and toil of the Russian peasant pervades these poems, and it must be said that in some cases they seem hampered by faulty translation.

Songs Out of School. By H. H. Bashford. (New Poetry Series.) Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 50c.

A distinctly valuable addition to the "New Poetry Series" are these "Songs Out of School," by H. H. Bashford.

Mr. Bashford's verse has that atmosphere of skillful and easy workmanship which, in these days of new verse, makes us often turn with a feeling of relief to the familiar pages of such poets as Herrick or Austin Dobson. Some merely skillful versifiers never rise above the level of delightful fancy. Mr. Bashford's imagination is both delicate and deep.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Five Masters of French Romance. By Albert Léon Guérard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Strange as it may seem, this volume does not include the two most widely read among French novelists, René Bazin and Henry Bordeaux. The author tells us why. It is because of his opinion that they do not represent anything definite in modern French literature in comparison with the five writers whom he interprets—Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, and Romain Rolland. We are not so

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Why Average American Dies at Forty-three

"He Feeds His Stomach with Tasty Junk," says E. E. Rittenhouse of Equitable Life

By R. W. Lockwood

President of the Corrective Eating Society

THE Presidents of life insurance companies with perhaps twenty billion dollars insurance on the lives of Americans, recently met in convention at the Hotel Astor in New York, and in their discussion brought out some of the reasons why the average American dies at about forty-three years of age.

According to the press reports, Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse, Commissioner of Public Service and Conservation of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, said: "The average American would not think of mixing bricks or scrap iron or gravel with the fuel for his furnace, yet he feeds his stomach with all sorts of tasty junk, much of which cannot be fully digested . . . he is seriously overstraining his heart, arteries, kidneys, nerves and digestion, as the rapidly increasing death rate shows."

This statement from such an authoritative source—from a man who makes it his business to study both vital statistics and the causes behind them—sounds a warning which should be heeded by every man and woman.

Indeed, there is no longer a doubt among intelligent people that many of the foods and combinations of foods which we are most accustomed to eat are the direct cause of much sickness.

Yet how few of us heed the early warnings of illness, such as acid-stomach, fermentation, or constipation. I venture to say that nine out of ten persons suffer to a greater or less extent from one or more of these three symptoms, which are in many cases the forerunners of more serious sickness.

Stomach medicines and laxatives are plentiful, but of what avail are they? The only thing that a stomach medicine can do is to temporarily neutralize the extra amount of acid in the stomach, because it is *stronger* than the acid. And this injures the stomach, usually bringing the acid back worse than it was before. A laxative is just as bad, if not a little worse; not only is its effect temporary, but all laxatives are habit-forming and are required in ever-increasing doses.

If neglected, a simple case of acid-stomach may lead in a short time to fermentation with gas, and constipation. The fermenting food forms poisons which are absorbed into the blood, causing auto-intoxication, nervousness, mental depression, and a host of other unpleasant symptoms.

Is it any wonder that the officers of large insurance companies sound a warning against the evils of wrong eating?

But just as wrong eating is the cause of 90 per cent of common illnesses, so will correct eating create and maintain both bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right eating I do not mean freak foods—I mean just good every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to eat correctly, or follow a course of Corrective Eating it is not at all necessary to upset your table.

Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, has proved the efficacy of Corrective Eating in thousands of cases. Entirely without the use of drugs or medicines, men and women suffering from almost every conceivable non-organic ailment have been returned to health and vigor by following his simple directions in regard to their eating.

* * * * * *

In a recent talk with Eugene Christian he told me of several interesting cases which had recently come under his care. One was a woman prominent in Woman Suffrage work in New York City. She had come to him with stomach and intestinal fermentation and gas, auto-intoxication, mental depression and anemia, vertigo, and threatened heart failure. She was very much over-weight when she commenced, but reduced her weight thirty-seven pounds during the treatment. He showed me a letter she had written him afterward, in which she said:

"I am sure you will be gratified to hear that I continue to improve—it seems sometimes that I must have been made over, and it is difficult to remember that less than eight months ago I was a feeble old woman depending upon daily doses of strychnia for what little strength I had. When I came under your treatment, I weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds, was hardly able to walk, and was subject to most serious heart attacks upon the slightest exertion. And now I am so well, so strong, that my family and friends maintain that it is a miracle which has restored me to strength and vigor of life—certainly in my case the cure is most remarkable because of my sixty-seven years."

Another was a well-known minister who had been out of his pulpit for twenty-two months, unable to preach or conduct the simplest service. He was about twenty-five pounds under-weight, anemic, nervous, had superacidity, and could not assimilate his food; and his heart action was very irregular. He had gradually declined for two years although treated by one of New York's leading physicians. Three months after he placed himself under Eugene Christian's care, he preached the first sermon he had been able to preach in nearly two years. This was over three years ago.

He has gained about twenty-five pounds in weight and since has not missed a day from his arduous clerical work. He has steadily gained in strength and vitality and is to-day healthy and athletic.

But Eugene Christian's own case is perhaps the most interesting of all, for it shows how he discovered the beginnings of the methods which he has since pursued so successfully with others—methods of selecting and proportioning one's meals so as to overcome conditions brought about by wrong eating.

Twenty years ago he was at death's door; for several years previously he had suffered all the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal troubles, until his doctors—among them some of the most noted specialists in the country—gave him up to die. As a last resort, he commenced to study the food question himself. As a result of what he learned, he succeeded in literally *eating his way back to health* without drugs or medicines of any kind, and in a remarkably short space of time.

Eugene Christian is to-day nearly sixty years old—or shall I say young? For he has more vitality, more ginger, more physical endurance than most youngsters in their teens. And his wife and daughters are just as strong and healthy as he. (For a number of years neither he nor any member of his family has had even so much as a cold, and they attribute their remarkable health to nothing in the world except eating the right food combinations.)

Since the remarkable success of Eugene Christian has become known, people have sought his advice in such rapidly increasing numbers that he has found it necessary to put his methods in printed form. He has written a series of 24 Little Lessons which tell you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, including corrective menus for almost every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with this great food specialist, because every point is so thoroughly covered and so clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will help to produce the increased physical and mental energy which you are seeking the day you receive the lessons. And you are quite likely to feel some results after your very first balanced meal.

If you would like to examine these "24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," simply write the Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 151, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask to have the lessons mailed for five days' trial with the understanding that you will either send the small price asked, $3.00, or remail the books.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the society and will be honored at once

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Dept. 151, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City

You may mail me the "Lessons in Corrective Eating" for examination. Five days after I receive them, I will either send you $3.00 (full payment) or remail them to you.

Name..... Local Address.....

City..... State.....

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The New Books (Continued)

surprised, however, that the author omits the representatives of what he calls a "receding school"—Mirbeau, Descaves, Paul Adam, Paul and Victor Margueritte, and that other pair of brothers who sign themselves "J. H. Rosny." Though readers may not agree in all the interpretation of the five men considered, they will doubtless applaud the conclusions in the clever Introduction entitled "First Aid to the Anglo-Saxon Reader of French Novels."

Long Road of Woman's Memory (The). By Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Miss Addams's essay upon the effect of the racial memory upon the conventions and habits of our modern life is a remarkably thought-provoking achievement. Against the background of her wide experience with men and women of all conditions her interpretation of present-day life is doubly interesting.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Book of Boston (The). By Robert Shackleton. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $2.

The author knows Boston thoroughly, and, as in other of his books, is able to convey his knowledge agreeably. His book, therefore, is informative without resembling a guide-book, and readable also to all who care for the associations of landmarks, for local legends, and for historical anecdotes. There are pictures.

South American Tour (The). A Descriptive Guide. By Annie S. Peck, M.A. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

The Outlook has already commended Miss Peck's "South American Tour," but this present revised form demands a special commendation. As a guide to South America it surely will be found not only dependable by actual travelers, but extremely readable and instructive by those of us who must stay at home.

Spell of Scotland (The). By Keith Clark. The Page Company, Boston. $2.50.

This is one of the interesting "Spell" series. Like its predecessors, it unites description with reminiscences of travel and appreciation of famous sights, antiquities, and landscape beauties of the country it treats. Its illustration is adequate and pleasing.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Spiritual Pilgrimage (A). By R. J. Campbell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A gentle and generous spirit, sensitive, impressionable, thoughtful, deeply mystical, here relates the varied religious experiences which have made him widely known among English-speaking peoples. Migrating from stiff Presbyterianism to Anglicanism, drawn thence to Congregationalism by its liberal and democratic principles, then finding himself in course of years a storm center of theological controversy, he was welcomed back to the Anglican Church. Now, as priest of St. Philip's Cathedral Church, Birmingham, he is a strong accession to the liberal wing of Anglicanism.

WAR BOOKS

Tomorrow: Letters to a Friend in Germany. By Hugo Münsterberg. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

Of interest chiefly because it is Mr. Münsterberg's last word to the American people; also because it contains an interpretation to Americans of the spirit of Germany by a German. But it is not of great value as a prophecy or even as a hope of the probable results of the war. In this respect it is less suggestive than H. G. Wells's "What is Coming?"

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present in this department each month an article treating some phase of the country's commercial development. These articles will be educational in character and will set forth in a comprehensive way the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. This department is designed to be of service to readers of The Outlook, and inquiries in regard to industrial subjects will be answered by letter or in these pages. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to the Industrial Editor of The Outlook, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE MOTOR-TRUCK INDUSTRY

OF all the industries of this country which have been affected most keenly by the trade stimulus of the European war, the manufacture of motor trucks is probably the most conspicuous example of an industry that has been put on the direct road to a permanent and ever-increasing prosperity. War orders indeed have done it, but they have done it in a way that has put the motor-truck business squarely upon its feet for all time to come.

An enormously increased production has made possible, not only a swift engineering and structural development of the commercial motor vehicle itself, but also a degree of manufacturing efficiency which has enabled the truck-builder to nullify the increased costs of labor and materials as far as selling price is concerned, and to offer the buyer a consistently better truck at a lower price than ever before.

The years 1915 and 1916 have been years of something more than record production. The first of these two years brought radical changes and improvements in commercial vehicle design and construction. The year just ended has served to give proof of the value and efficiency of these improvements. Few manufacturers of trucks are offering radical changes of any sort in their 1917 models; the designs of 1916 are being continued much as they stand except where here and there the sharp increase in the cost of some structural material has made necessary the alteration or adaptation of details. With the standardization of truck design there has also been a notable lessening in the number of new manufacturers entering the industry. The established manufacturers are having all they can do to meet the demand, domestic as well as European; and they are meeting it with established models.

The man who is not already a user of motor trucks has little conception, as a rule, of the infinite variety of purposes for which such vehicles may profitably be employed. The word truck to most of us means a big lumbering vehicle carrying heavy loads—building materials, barrels of beer, tons of crushed stone. We forget, perhaps—or else have never known—that the term truck in the motor world is applied (erroneously, without doubt, but popularly, nevertheless) to any load-bearing vehicle that is not drawn by a horse or a team. Strip the rear seat from a light five-passenger pleasure car, fasten a box in its place to carry trunks between your house and the railway station or to bring the day's order of groceries home—and you have what is ordinarily termed a truck. The correct and official name—commercial motor vehicle—is too cumbersome and too clumsy a thing for the ordinary mind and tongue. Even a little jitney car made to carry less than a thousand pounds is a motor truck in the broader sense of the word. You see them scooting around everywhere, city and country, delivering everything from dress goods to chops and breakfast cream.

The reason for the present and ever-increasing popularity of the motor truck is simply a case of straight arithmetic done in dollars and cents.

A single horse and wagon doing an average of seventeen miles a day for six days a week (this being about the maximum average when there is no second animal to be used as an alternate) will cost approximately $4.25 a day, or a little over 28 cents for each mile of service. This cost includes the upkeep and depreciation of wagon and harness and $2 a day for the driver. Even when the horse is standing idle his keep will run between $1.32 and $1.39 a day.

A two-horse team, making twenty miles a day, six days a week, will cost, with driver and helper, $6.14, or almost 31 cents a mile. With a reserve team resting, the cost will be $9.91 a day, or approximately 48 cents a mile.

Now, as far as the case of the commercial motor vehicle is concerned, it costs just about $2 a working day to maintain a truck capable of carrying one and one-half tons of freight or less; the first cost of such a truck being about $2,000. This sum of $2 comprises all the comparative items charged against the idle or resting horse. The cost so far is thus some sixty-odd cents higher in the case of the truck. And the driver will cost $3 a day instead of $2. But here comes the point.

It costs only seven cents a mile to run such a truck, and it will give constant and

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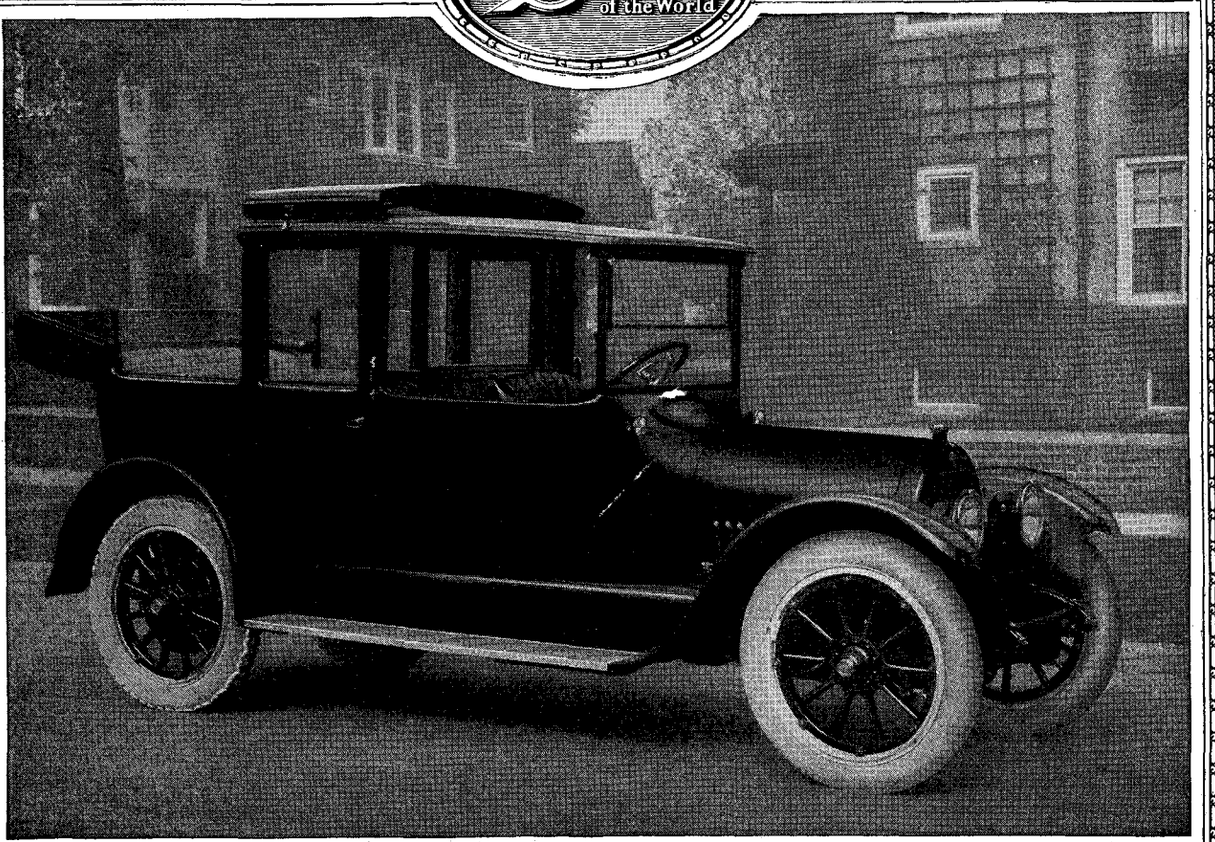
Cadillac
Standard of the World



The Superlative Degree in Motoring Luxury

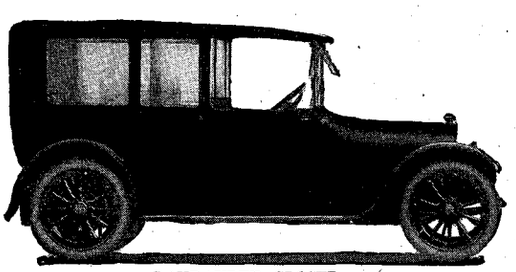
THOSE whose social prestige suggests that their mode of motoring be in keeping with their position, will recognize in the Cadillac Landaulet a car whose grace of contour and richness of design and appointments, stamp it as a creation of dignity and distinction.

It is a car for 365 days in the year.

With the passenger compartment closed, it is an ideal equipage for inclement weather. With the rear section laid back, the unusually spacious opening provides the advantages of an open car.

With the super-smoothness of Cadillac mechanism, the deep soft upholstery and scientific spring suspension, its riding qualities are truly a revelation; there is experienced a delightful sense of ease and relaxation impossible of description.

It would be difficult for you to suggest to yourself any qualities which could contribute more thoroughly to your comfort and your enjoyment.



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The complete line of Cadillac cars is as follows: Seven-Passenger Touring Car;—Four-Passenger Phaeton;—Two-Passenger Roadster;—Four-Passenger Club Roadster;—Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria;—Seven-Passenger Convertible Touring Car;—Four-Passenger Coupe;—Five-Passenger Brougham;—Seven-Passenger Limousine;—Seven-Passenger Imperial;—Seven-Passenger Landaulet.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

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Recent Developments in the Motor-Truck Industry (Continued)

regular service of fifty miles a day. Counting everything in, as we have in the case of the horse and wagon, the cost of operation of the truck, including depreciation and other charges, is but a fraction more than 16 cents a mile. These figures enable us to make the following generalizations:

One truck will equal in mileage and delivery service the work of three single-horse wagons. Two trucks will do the work of five two-horse teams supplied with the necessary horses in reserve. The cost of the two trucks—counting everything in—will be $8.50 apiece, or $17 a day for both. The cost of the wagons and horses will be $48.55 a day. This perhaps is one reason why in the year 1915—the latest year for which we have complete, authentic figures—there were already 100,000 commercial motor vehicles in use in the United States. All along the line, in one form of industry after another, the truck is winning from the horse-drawn wagon. The truck ought to, for among the things it offers are greater economy, larger carrying capacity, infinitely better speed, and a never-tiring, never-complaining readiness to do a full day's work any day and every day in all the year. The truck does not have to rest. It does not have to eat. It does not have to be "favored," as the New Englander would put it, on the hottest day in summer. It works, works, works, and the trucks of to-day are mechanically so perfect that they actually *do* work in just that way.

The truck of 1917, though differing little from its predecessors in essential design and construction, is nevertheless a far more useful and usable vehicle. The improvements which it embodies are really refinements; and any one who has driven a pleasure car knows how much the little refinements count.

In the first place, the new trucks are equipped, many of them, with electric lighting and starting systems. This might seem to the uninitiated or to the pleasure-car owner to be a tardy development, but both cost and technical difficulties have stood in the way of offering these systems with trucks of medium or heavy capacity—have stood in the way, that is, until now. The larger trucks are subject to enormous vibration while in operation, both on account of the rigidity of construction and because of the use of solid tires, and thus the lighting and starting equipments designed for light, more easily hung passenger cars soon shake themselves into disorganization under these conditions.

The earlier theory on truck starting and lighting, particularly as held by the manufacturers rather than by the actual users, was that a good, sound-limbed driver ought not to balk at cranking his motor any number of times a day, and that the general use of motor trucks during the daytime rather than at night made unnecessary any lighting provision other than gas or oil. It was found, however, that delivery and other commercial vehicles, making many short stops each day, used up gasoline and oil in unnecessary quantities—unnecessary considering that the motor might well be shut off during these stops. It was also found that the constant cranking necessitated by so many stops had an actual detrimental effect upon the driver's efficiency.

The arguments in favor of electric lighting soon downed the theoretical arguments favoring oil or gas. The general use of trucks in daylight or in well-lit districts became gradually less in proportion as the suburban and rural use of trucks developed. Remote villages began to be served by truck delivery from central cities and towns, and this meant a decided increase in night driving. And as soon as the actual need for efficient, easily controlled lights was determined, electric lighting for the commercial vehicle began to come into its own. Perhaps the general and fast-growing equipment of trucks with lighting and starting systems will stand out as the most spectacular improvement of the year 1917. One can see by this how thoroughly standardized the truck has already become, how anything but spectacular the newer improvements are bound to be.

The domestic demand for trucks, rather than the war demand, is what is now most strongly affecting the industry. War orders are not so heavy now as they were in 1915 and the early part of 1916, and the domestic trade—which, of course, is the stable, permanent trade—is doing more than its share in dictating what the truck of the immediate future must be. Tendencies are always interesting (though not, it must be confessed, always conclusive), and so a brief and rather superficial review of the tendencies in motor-truck design for 1917 will perhaps serve to give an idea of the present trend of this great industry.

In the range of models from one-half ton to seven and one-half ton vehicles there seems to be a pretty definite division into two general classes—delivery vehicles and heavy-duty trucks. The delivery vehicle class runs up to capacities of a ton. The heavy-duty truck varies from three-quarters of a ton up. With these classes established, it is enlightening to note that twice as many delivery vehicles as heavy-duty carriers are being built to-day. And of the heavier trucks those of less than two tons capacity equal in number, and perhaps outnumber, all the rest—including tractors. This means simply that the motor truck has a far wider popular use than most of us would imagine.

The development of intermediate load capacities is another interesting phase of the growth of the motor-truck industry. Two or three years ago there swept over the country a wave of popularity for the half-ton truck. Such a truck could be used for almost anything from package delivery to light-duty work of all sorts. It soon developed, however, that what people really

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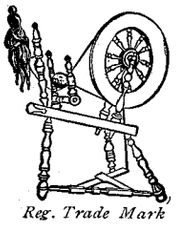

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Recent Developments in the Motor-Truck Industry
(Continued)

wanted was a truck capable of carrying just a little more than this thousand-pound load; and thus in the past year or two the half-ton truck adapted to a three-quarter ton load has been turned out from the factories in great numbers. With the heavier-duty trucks this same development has been experienced. Naturally, at first, if you were a manufacturer and were going to build a truck, you would assume (as the average manufacturer did) that the thing to do was to use even units of a ton. Of course you would have no experience of anybody's to go by. You would have put out a one-ton, a two-ton, a three-ton, or a five-ton model, as the case might have been. Yet actual truck use has shown the imperative need of vehicles designed to carry one and one-half, two and one-half, and three and one-half ton loads. The light models, the half and three-quarter ton vehicles, are slightly higher in price than they have been, largely because of the general abandonment of makeshift designs and the consequent adoption of tried and standardized construction; but, as a general rule, the truck of 1917 offers a far greater value than ever before for the same or a slightly lower cost.

Not only this, but during the past year there have been two marked developments which make it possible for a man to get a commercial motor vehicle for light loads at an almost absurdly low outlay. One of these is the development of the trailer; the other, the development of commercial body units to fit the chassis of light pleasure cars.

More than twenty manufacturers are now turning out trailers for use with either pleasure cars or trucks. It is estimated that there are already between 10,000 and 15,000 such trailers in service in this country. The capacity of the trailer will range from six hundred pounds to seven tons; some of them are made for even greater loads. Such vehicles are naturally cheap in price, and yet they are usable in practically any business or industry where a motor-truck unit can be employed. Farmers, contractors, gas and electric companies, plumbers, dairies, telephone companies, wholesale drug houses, and department stores—these and many more are already using trailers with good effect. In particular a trailer saves loading time; for one or any number of trailers may be loaded while a company's truck or fleet of trucks is actively at work. And for the small retailer or the farmer the trailer is a boon.

The business of building commercial body units to convert the chassis of light pleasure cars into motor trucks is the second really new development to occupy the attention of a large number of manufacturers. Some thirty builders are already making these units; and the production for 1917 will probably be somewhere between 75,000 and 100,000 of them. When one reflects that a second-hand light chassis can be bought for a sum between $100 and $200, and that a commercial body unit can be purchased to fit it for $350, the economy of the thing is obvious. And such a converted car makes an ideal delivery vehicle where light loads are to be handled at moderate or comparatively high speeds.

All in all, the motor-truck industry—the manufacture of automobiles for commercial use—has grown during the last few years by leaps and bounds. More than that, it has grown soundly, in a normal, healthy way.

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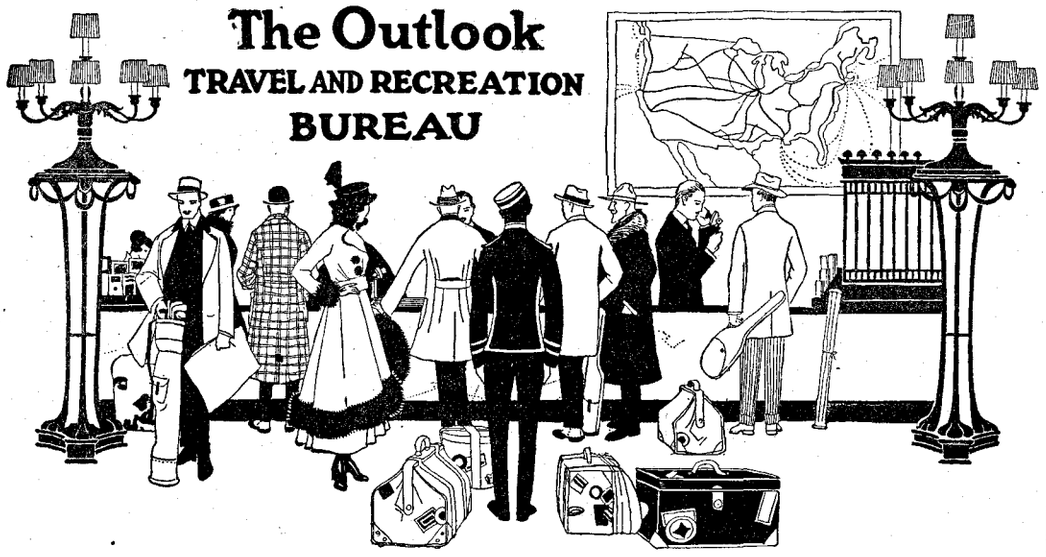

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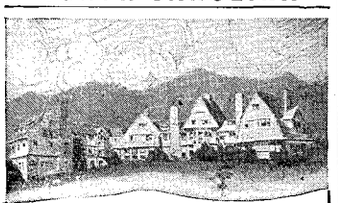

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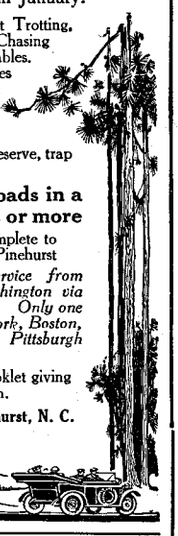

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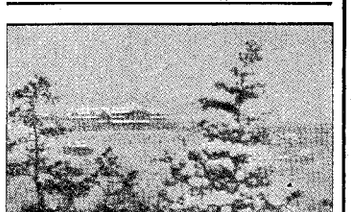

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BY THE WAY

Some one writes to a compiler of a book of quotations, as reported by an exchange, pointing out a mistake. A quotation, she says, is attributed to "Ibid," when she is quite sure the credit belongs to Shakespeare. Thus the discovery is made that Ibid is the author of most of the sententious sayings that have long been ascribed to other authors. Ibid, indeed, seems to have been cheated of his due for an even longer period than Bacon, who had to wait till the nineteenth century for a champion to vindicate his claim to the authorship of the Shakespeare quotations.

Among the wonders of "Canada's Last Frontier," as described in the "Wide World Magazine," is a huge gas "gusher" at Pelican Portage, on the House River. Set on fire eighteen years ago, it has burned steadily ever since, shooting a flame eighty feet high in the air. It is calculated that during this time it has burned twenty-six billion feet of natural gas, or about four million feet a day. And in our Middle States factories are shutting down for lack of gas! Another instance of matter out of place.

Books of Arctic travel make an especial appeal on winter nights to readers around the evening lamp in a cozy home. One might well re-read, under these conditions, Mr. Harry Whitney's book on "Hunting with the Eskimos" in order to learn the attitude of a really broad-minded traveler toward a strange people. Take his description of the snow igloos, or winter huts, of the Eskimos. He says that they were pervaded by an odor (due to lack of ventilation) "so terrible that it is beyond the power of pen to describe it." But he adds that when he uncorked a bottle of liniment in the igloo, "its strong, pungent odor made the Eskimos sick! This was a smell to which they were unaccustomed, and I have no doubt was as offensive to them as the terrible odor of their igloos was to me."

Mr. Whitney was under the impression, which is probably shared by most readers, that the Eskimos spend their long, sunless winter safely ensconced in their air-tight igloos. He found, however, that nothing can be further from the fact. During the winter they never allow themselves even the amount of rest that civilized people deem requisite to health. One hunting expedition is scarcely ended when active preparations are under way for another, and when the moonlight is at all sufficient to permit them to be abroad they never tarry idly in their igloos. After one such trip the white sportsman was so exhausted that he could scarcely stand, but the Eskimos, after a hearty meal of raw seal meat, immediately started off on another hunt.

It is a pleasure to read this tribute from Mr. Whitney to the kindness of this simple-minded people: "The Eskimo has deep affection for his family. He will do and sacrifice more for his children than any people I have ever known, without exception."

Americans are fairly familiar with the Italian immigrant's retort when jeered at as an alien by older arrivals of other nationalities—"Columbo he finda disa country—he Italy, not Irish; we hava da laugh, ha, ha!" Now, according to a Cleveland rabbi, the Jews may join the Italians in having the laugh on those who twit them with being aliens. Columbus's mother, Suzanne Fonterosa, he asserts, was a Jewess, and Jews helped Columbus in his search for the Indies which led to the discovery of America. The rivalry of sixteen different cities for the honor of being Columbus's birthplace may yet be matched by the claims of the various races that would like some reflected glory in his great discovery.

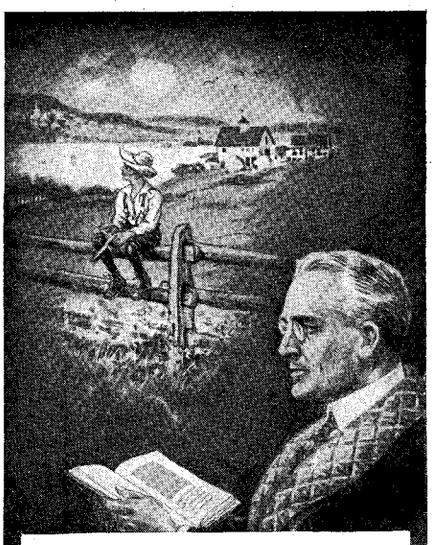
All Souls' Church of New York City celebrated its ninety-seventh anniversary recently. This Unitarian church has had several distinguished ministers during its history. One of them was Dr. Henry W. Bellows, who served it for forty-three years. He was a contemporary of Henry Ward Beecher, the famous pastor of Plymouth Church, just across the East River. Some wit once linked these eminent men, whose initials happened to be the same, by describing them as Hard Working Brethren.

In order to bring the man and the job together easily and effectively, the Pennsylvania Railroad is to make each of its 1,500 station agents an employment agent for the road. It will also have an employment clearing-house in Philadelphia, by means of which applicants for work can be directed to the nearest point where labor is needed, if no opportunity exists near the applicant's home. Thus the man or boy who feels the lure of the railway will find it easy to begin his career on the road.

"What salary does Charles Chaplin receive a year?" asks a reader of the New York "Sun." That paper answers: "He receives $10,000 a week, or $520,000 a year." If this is true, that nimble comedian apparently outclasses in salary all the members of the royal family of Great Britain except the King and Queen; the allowances by these other countries to their rulers are also less than the fun-maker's salary: Bulgaria, Denmark, Greece, Netherlands, Norway, Rumania, Sweden, and Württemberg. Some great European states, however, leave the actor's ambition in this respect room to grow. Germany contributes annually to the support of her ruler about $3,737,000; Austria-Hungary, $4,567,000; and Turkey, $5,000,000.

Whatever may be said of other Irish qualities, Irish wit is always on top. Here is an example, as quoted by an exchange: A priest saw Mike coming from a saloon with a demijohn under his arm. "Mike," said he, "what have you in that demijohn?" "Whisky, sir." "To whom does it belong?" "To me and me brother Pat, sir." "Well, Mike, pour yours out, and show yourself a good, sober man." "I can't, Father," was Mike's quick reply: "mine's on the bottom!"

An interesting manifestation of the Christmas spirit was exhibited in the sending of a ship-load of presents from New York City to the inhabitants of Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. The good ship Port Hardy sailed a little late—December 29—but her cargo will make whatever day she arrives at her distant destination a holiday for the lonely islanders. She carried a great variety of gifts, "ranging from babies' mittens to crude oil for illuminating purposes." There are only 160 Pitcairn Islanders. They are descendants of the mutineers of the British ship Bounty, and their history forms one of the most romantic stories of the South Seas.



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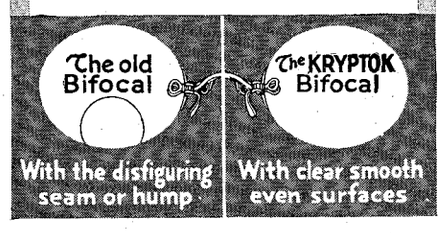

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